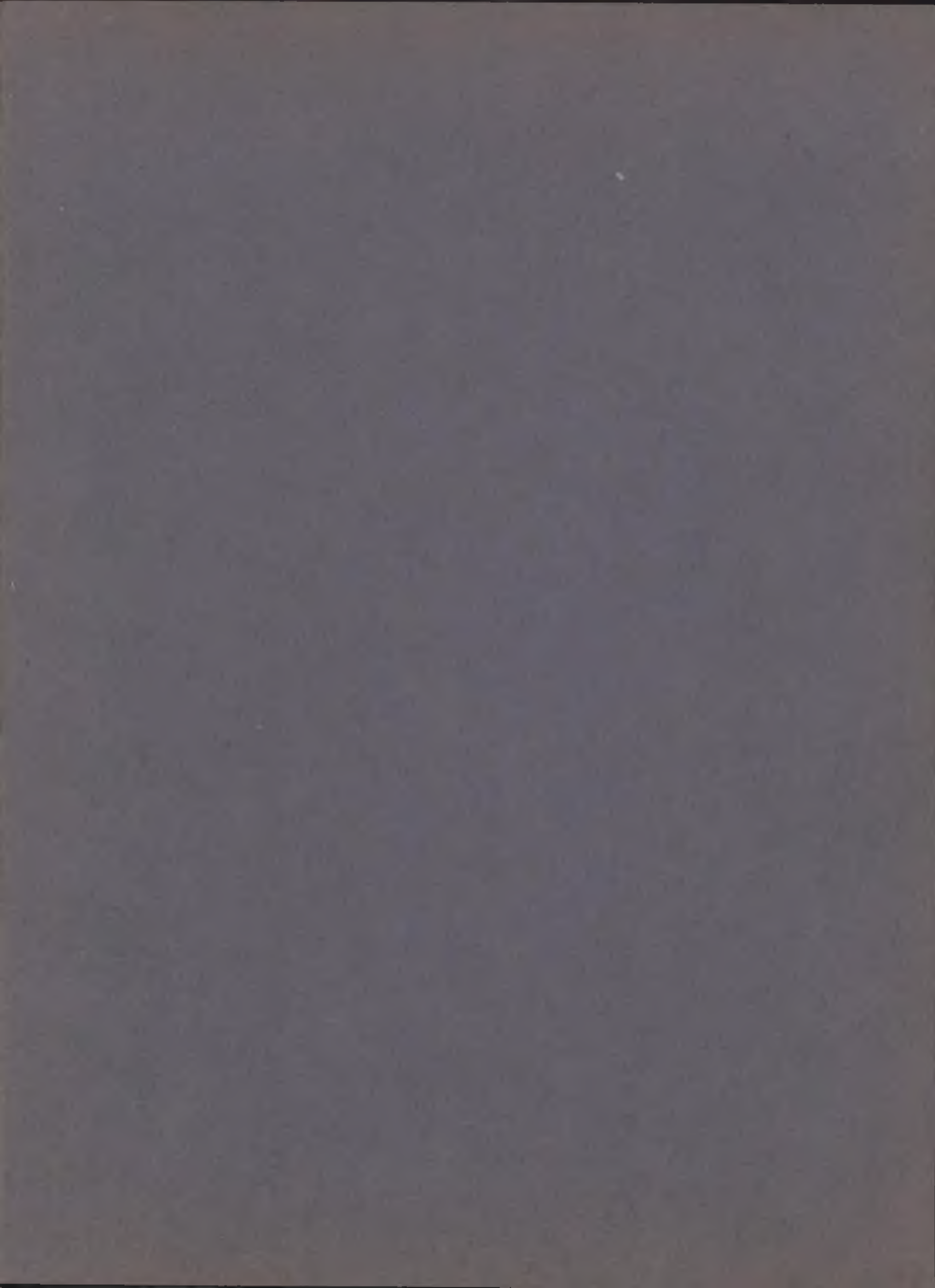


The
Centralite

25



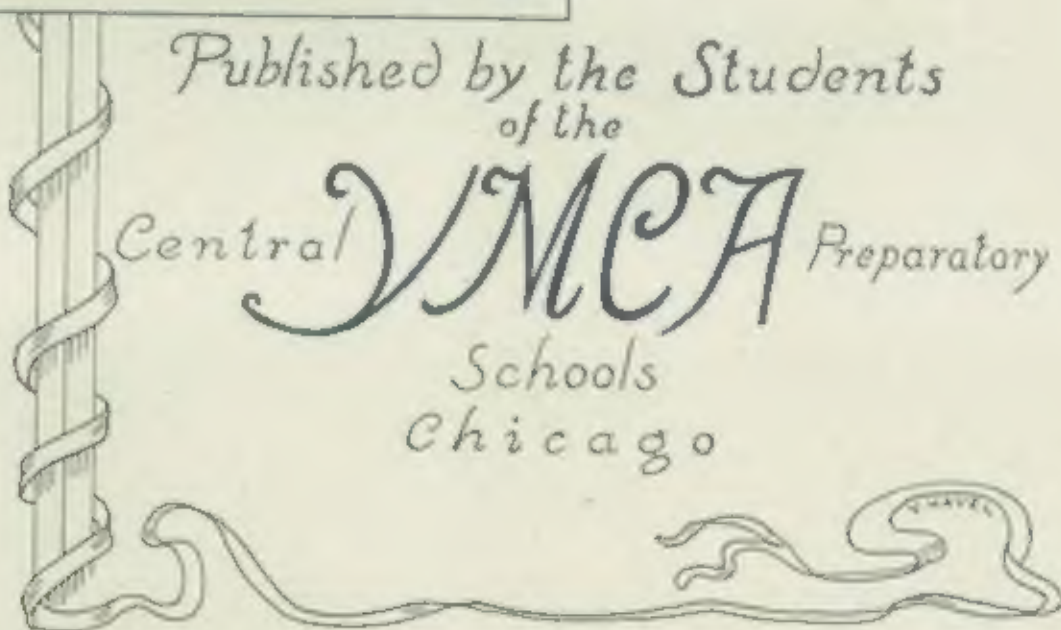


The Centralite



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Published by the Students
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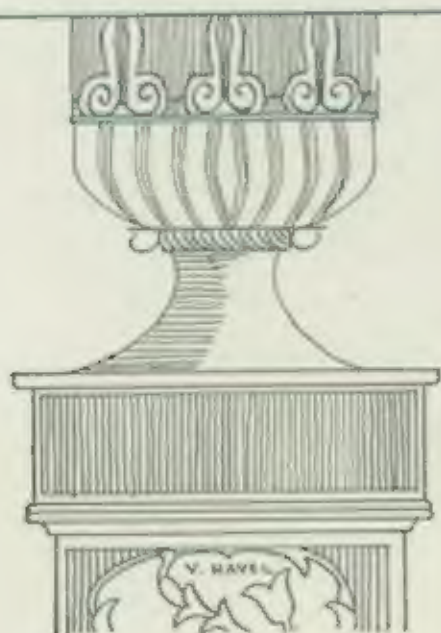




Foreword



TO RECORD the events of '25, so that in years to come we may live again the happy hours spent in the halls and classrooms of our unusual school in the heart of Chicago, is the purpose of this book.



The Staff



Dedication



*TO M. S. EVERETT, whose
influence and advice have
made possible the publication
of this and preceding volumes,
we dedicate this book.*





Order of Books

Administration
Graduates
Classes
Organizations
Literary
Activities
Humor





Administration



Faculty



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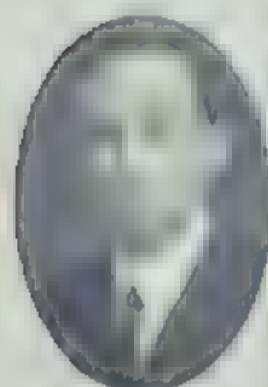
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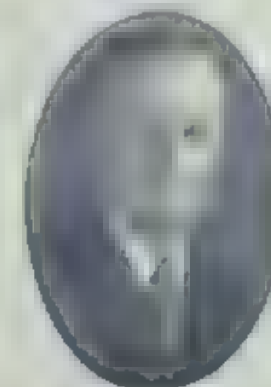
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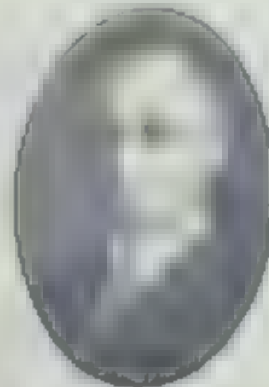
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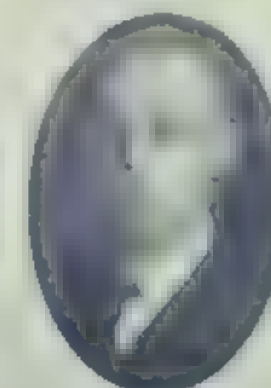
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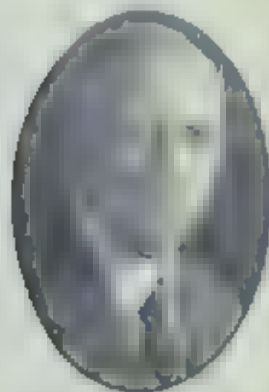
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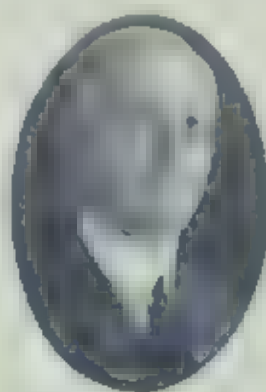
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Edward Beckman

James Bell

Jack M. Adler

Louis H. Anderson

Alfred P. Beale

Melvin C. Berg

Seniors



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Albert J. Brinkman

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Howard L. Podamer

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Nathaniel C. Both

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Charles M. Beck

Philip Cannizzo

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Carmelo Costales
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Victorio U. Costales
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Ross I. Ceffalio
Melvin T. Coutts
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Anthony J. Darovic

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Seymour Ellison

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Francis J. Cushing

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Norman L. Eastus

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Norton H. Friedman

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John B. Garth

Dionisio V. Gascon

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Thomas J. Gibbons

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Jacob Gore

Joseph W. Harney

John W. Hartney

Edmund M. Grajewski

Boles Gobczynski

Everett J. Hill

Harold H. Heuser

Seniors

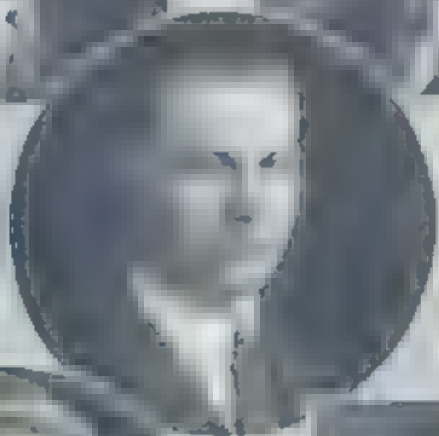
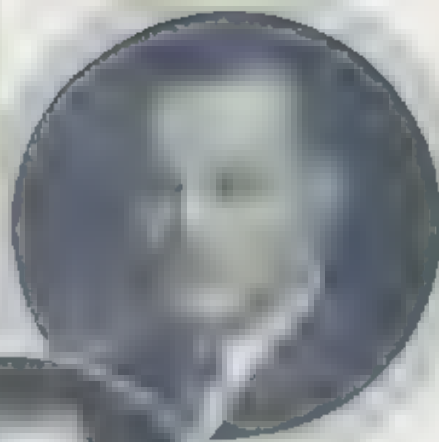
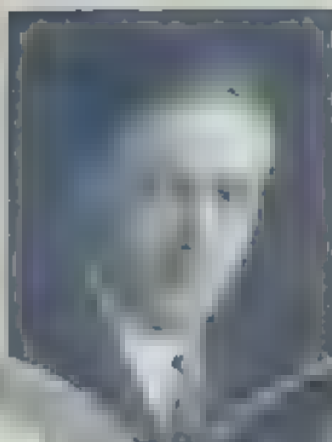


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Kenneth Isbell
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Frank T. Kampe

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Cyril J. Kane

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Irving C. Lambert

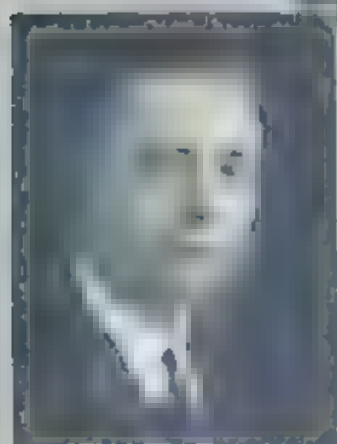
Walter T. Kmiecniak

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Lloyd J. Lamping

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Nathan Levinson

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Seniors

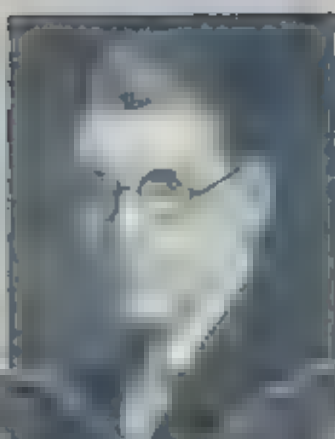


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Willard G. Murbach
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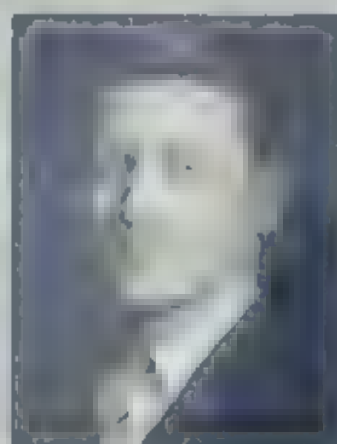
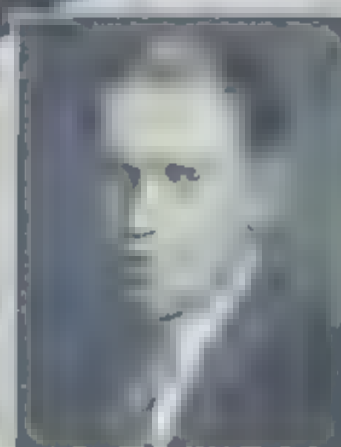
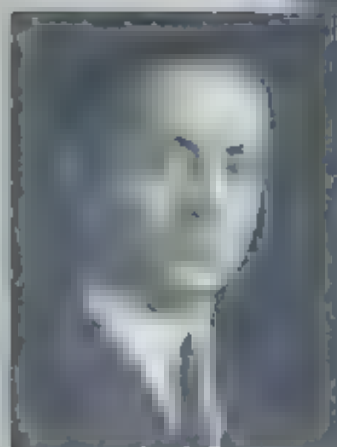


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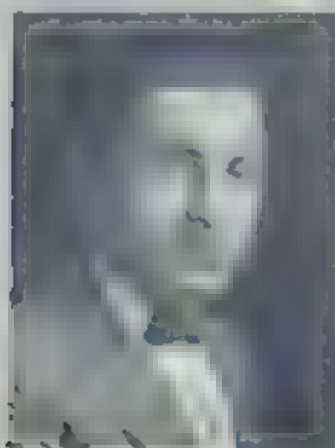


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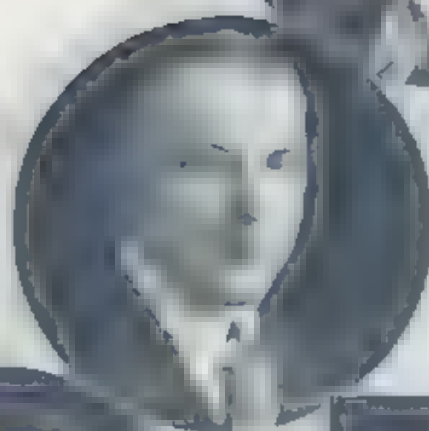
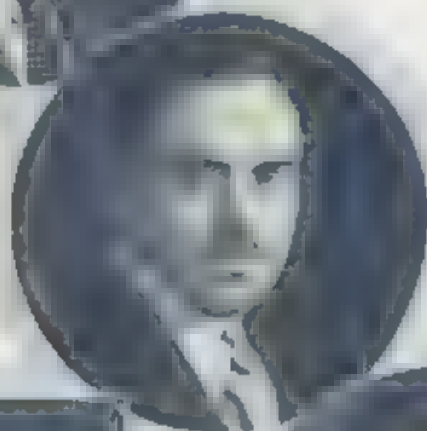
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Cecilio Torres

Henry Tibstra

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Gregory Varonis

Henry J. Zeiher

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- OLSON, ARTHUR M.
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Photo Editor Centralite
'25, Sec. Freshman '24, Senior
and Freshman Debating Teams

Seniors

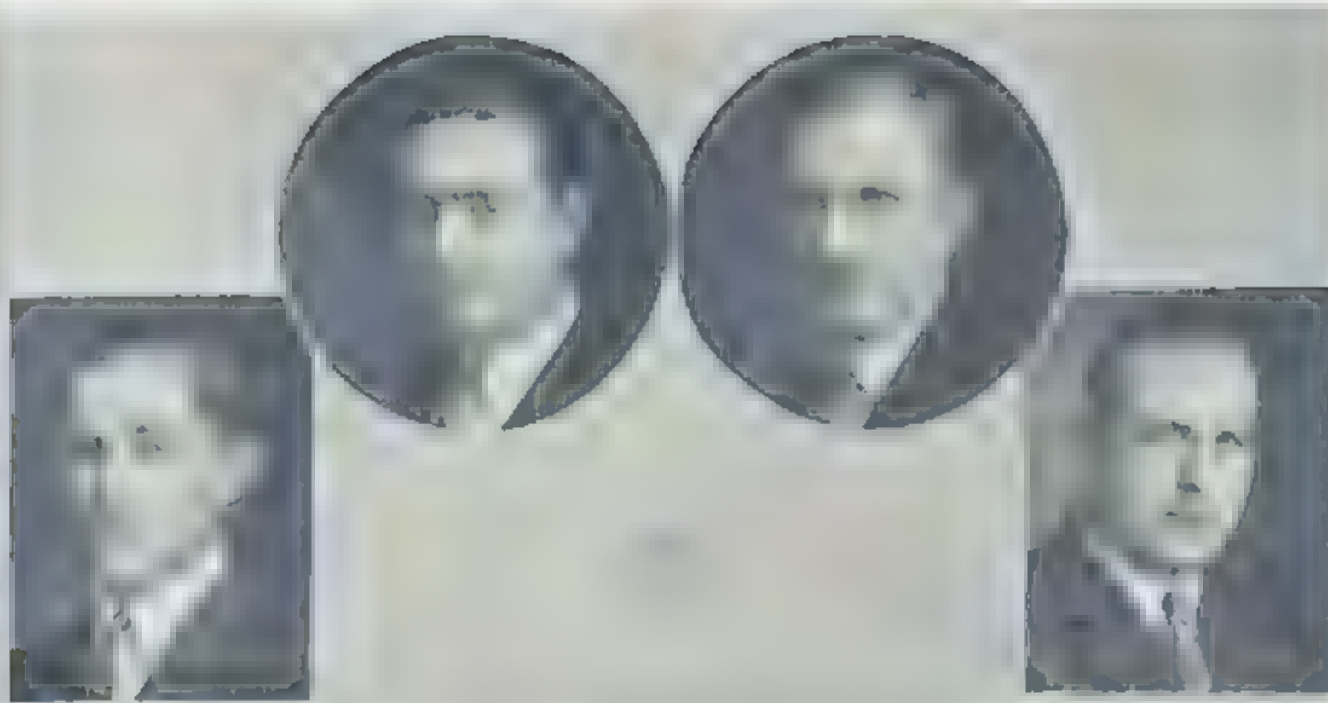
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Illinois—Engineering
Inter-class Track Meet, Basketball
- PETERSON, CHARLES R.
Day—February
Knox—Liberal Arts
- PETERSON, CLARENCE E.
Evening—June
Illinois—Engineering
- PETERSON, OSWALD H.
Evening—June
Central Y M C A—Engineering
- PHILLIPS, JOHN A.
Evening—June
Illinois—Law
Hi-Y, Fellowship Clubs
- PIERCE, ALBERT V.
Evening—June
Northwestern—Law
Fellowship Club, '24, '25
- PIERCE, JOHN CROCKER
Day—February
- POMRENZE, ISRAEL C.
Evening—August
Northwestern—Liberal Arts
- PORTER, CAPS H.
Day—June
Illinois—Real Estate
Editor-in-Chief Centralite '25
Speakers' Club, Honor Society
Senior Basketball and Baseball
- PROEHL, THEODORE D.
Evening—June
Dramatics Club
- PRZANOWSKI, STEPHEN W.
Evening—June
Northwestern—Accountancy
Orchestra, Fellowship Club
- RAPPAPORT, LOUIS CHARLES
Evening—June
Kent—Law
- RAYMOND, PATRICK WILLIAM
Day—June
Kent—Law
- READDY, WILLIAM JOHN
Day—June
Chicago Dental—Dentistry
Senior Baseball Team
- RESNICK, BERNARD H.
Evening—August
Northwestern—Accountancy
- RICHARDS, R. RANDALL
Evening—February
- ROBBINS, DAVID
Evening—February
- ROBERTS, JACK
Evening—June
Central Y M C A—Medicine
- ROHR, ELWIN KINYON
Evening—August
Armour—Engineering
- ROSENBACH, RALPH V.
Evening—August
Illinois—Engineering
Fellowship Club
- ROZNIECKI, ALEXANDER J.
Evening—June
Kent—Law
- SCHER, GEORGE
Evening—June
- SCHNEIDER, JACK MEYER
Day—June
Chicago Dental—Dentistry
- SCHNEIDER, THEODORE F.
Evening—June
Illinois—Medicine
- SCHOLZ, JOHN
Evening—June
Kent—Law
- SCHRYVER, MAYNARD
Day—June
Beloit—Business
- SCHWARTZ, HARRY
Evening—February
- SEEMAYER, JOSEPH
Evening—February

Seniors

- SEENE, HAROLD E.
Day—June
- SITKA, FRANK S.
Evening—June
Central Y M C A—Liberal Arts
- SKINNER, MYLES LESTER
Evening—June
Illinois—Pharmacy
- SLAW, ADAM
Day—June
Illinois—Pharmacy
Speakers' Club, Honor Society
- SMITH, CLAUDE H.
Day—June
Case Eng.—Highway Inspection
- SMITH, JOHN DANIEL
Evening—June
Central Y M C A—Athletic Direction
- SPEIRS, BYRON H.
Day—June
Illinois—Business
Track Team
- SPENCER, JOHN PARKER
Evening—June
Central Y M C A—Engineering
Fellowship Club
- STAEHLE, JACK C.
Evening—June
- STAVINS, SIDNEY
Evening—June
Illinois—Administration
- STUCKY, HERMAN D.
Evening—August
- SUMMERS, WILLIAM
Evening—June
Armour—Architecture
- SUPERITS, CHARLES
Evening—June
- SWEETMAN, JOHN S.
Day—June
Armour—Engineering
- SWEETNAM, WILLIAM H.
Evening—August
- SZARMACH, STANLEY EDW.
Evening—June
Notre Dame—Law
- TALAVERA, PERFECTO
Evening—August
- TALPAI, JOSEPH ANDREW
Evening—June
Y M C A School of Commerce
- TEKER, JOHN WILLIAM
Evening—June
Armour—Electrical Engineering
- TERBORGH, DOUGLAS J.
Day—June
Wabash—Business
Class Editor Centralite '25
Treas. Senior Class
- TIBSTRA, HENRY
Evening—June
- THOMAS, MERRILL H.
Evening—August
Massachusetts—Pharmacy
- TORRES, CECILIO
Day—August
- VALEK, JOHN G.
Evening—June
Chicago—Teaching
- VAN REEKUM, VERNON
Day—August
- VARONIS, GREGORY
Day—August
Armour—Engineering
Senior Debating Team, Speakers
Club, Honor Society
- VRTIS, CHARLES S.
Evening—August
Northwestern—Banking
- WENRICH, WILLIAM J.
Evening—June
- WHEELER, HERBERT WM.
Day—August
Illinois—Architectural Engineering
- WILSON, ALEXANDER
Day—June
- WOJICK, STEPHEN J.
Evening—June
Illinois—Chemical Engineering
- ZALATORIS, BRUNO F.
Evening—June
De Paul—Law
- ZEIHER, HENRY J.
Evening—June
Kent—Law
Sec. Treas. Freshman Class '22
- ZEISS, EDWARD J.
Evening—June
Central Y M C A—Medicine
Lincoln Club
- ZIOLKOWSKI, MARION F.
Evening—June
Art Institute—Commercial Art



Classes



John D. Owen
Secretary

Walter J. Otto
President

Boles Cobezyński
Vice-President

Douglas J. Terborgh
Treasurer

THE SENIOR CLASS COMPARED WITH THE MAGNIFICENT CITY OF GO

Not by accident did we become known as Seniors, but only through many years of development and training did we reach our present stage, "The Seniors of 1925, the Class of Go."

On September 8th, 1924 we were led into our new field of development by the guiding hand of Mayor Marr. We soon formed our corporation, elected our officers, established our laws and today we are recognized as the greatest class in America. Being men of foresight and ability, to add to our feats already accomplished we indulged in various social activities. We gave to our great city a musical program which was recognized as the best ever rendered in the history of our civic opera. The demand for more recreation was so great that we were asked to take the leading part in our Senior Junior Mid Winter Dance. So complete was our prom that the head of our school system, Mr. Wing, has recognized this affair as one to be held annually to celebrate the victories of the first semester of the school year.

We have within our great organization an able board of directors who assisted our athletic manager Mr. Owen in preparing our team for all honors in the Basket-Ball Tournament as well as in the class A and B indoor field meet. We need not hesitate to assert that members of our conquering class will set the pace at the outdoor field meet.

In order to provide practice for the Junior and Freshmen debating teams, and to permit our team to display its oratorical ability, we staged a series of debates which resulted in a landslide in favor of the Senior Team.

With these accomplishments and the evident progress of the class, we can readily be recognized as a product of a great school located in the heart of the greatest city in the world. With our years of training, guided by competent teachers, we have developed a remarkable class just as our great engineers, architects and sculptors have developed the magnificent structures and works of art which one can see upon our campus. As they have trained themselves to develop this wonderful city so are we training ourselves for our places in the business and professional center which is situated in the City of Co.

WALTER J. OTTO.

OUR CAMPUS

In the heart of Chicago stands our school, with its unusual, but impressive campus. Bordering the campus on the north is the calm flowing Chicago River. Up the river to the east is a beautiful white building towering skyward to the clouds. This mammoth monument was erected with the money given by the massive gum-chewing public. Across the river directly in front of this building is one of the largest double decked bridges the world can boast of constructed to handle the traffic of thousands of people who daily cross our campus.

To the east is Lake Michigan, the Field Museum and annexed to the Museum is the last word in stadiums. Running north and south parallel to the lake is Michigan Boulevard, with its wonderful Art Institute. Throughout the day the chimes peal forth the quarter hour from the Straus Building tower, as the busy public hurry in their race with time.

Toward dusk the rays of the setting sun play upon the steeple of the Chicago Temple giving a touch of inspiration and spiritual repose to our campus.

If you were to circumnavigate our administration building by airplane you would view the buildings of such a variety of industries as is known to no other school campus. The path that leads to the entrance of our Central Building is known as the "Second Wall Street," where fortunes are made and fortunes are lost and money flows like the babbling brook. Our students are busily occupied throughout the day, perhaps traveling from one building on the campus to another, and in the evening they can be seen trooping like gallant soldiers into our Central School Building. At night they can be seen leaving the building. Some go to the north, some to the south, some to the east, and some to the west, seeking perhaps the quickest means of conveyance from our campus to their homes. We have automobiles, busses, street cars and elevated trains, and some day perhaps we shall have airplanes for the convenience of our students, friends and others.

EARL W. HANLEY.



John W. Erickson
Secretary

Herbert H. Boettcher
President

Arthur E. Johnson
Vice-President

John P. Mountain
Treasurer

Upon looking back over our last year at Central, we feel that we are very fortunate, indeed, to have been the Senior Class during a school year which was so successful in all respects. The early part of the year showed that this school year was to be the greatest yet at Central. The Class of '25 takes modest pride in the bit that it has done to make it mean so much.

The class gave its entire support to all activities, the Inter Class Mixer, Junior Prom, and activities of the class itself. Much could be said of the good work of the officers, committees, and of the whole Senior Class.

For the first time in the history of our school, the February graduating class had a complete class day and commencement program. The class play, "A Successful Calamity," staged by the Dramatic Club marks the beginning of class day exercises for all the following February graduates.

Not only were the February graduates given full graduating exercises, but they were also given a theatre party just before they departed from the halls of Central. Dinner was had at King's Restaurant with favors, speeches, souvenirs, songs, cheers, and a world of fun and fellowship. Lowell Sherman in "High Stakes" at the Adelphi was the comedy drama visited. The play was a fitting show for such a glorious night. After the theatre many, being reluctant to depart, lingered.

Another theatre party, with dinner, was held by the June graduates, just as merry as that given to the February graduates, but tinged with sadness as the end drew near for the happy Seniors. The thought that this was our last get-together just before graduation made us sombre. The memory of this, our last senior theatre party, we shall cherish throughout the swiftly passing years.

We leave with our hearts filled with gratitude and reverence for Central. We leave fully prepared to go out into the bustling world and into higher institutions of learning, filled with the ambition, spirit, and the resolute determination which dear old Central has embedded within us.

JOHN W. ERICKSON.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS, 1925

Indited by ROBERT F. KELLEHER

To Whom It May Concern, viz., id est and to wit, our parents, our faculty, our friends and benefactors, et al.:

Know ye that we, the Class of 1925 of the Central Preparatory School sound in mind but weak in purse, with full realization of the deplorable fact that poor old Central Prep must now be deprived of over one hundred of her ablest, most intelligent and stalwart sons as they fare forth to challenge a wicked world, with due pity and full sympathy for our bereaved Alma Mater, do

Firstly, in all compassion and generosity bestow upon her bowed head our beatific blessing.

Secondly, we do most humbly entreat Mr. Herbert F. Hancox, our distinguished director, to act as executor ex officio of this, our last will and testament.

Thirdly, we do hereby, hereupon and herewith, not to mention heretofore and hereinafter, make the following bequests:

To Mr. Buck, the privilege of welcoming the hundred thousandth student to the portals of our magnificent sky-scraper school in 1950;

To Mr. Everett, the sole privilege of enrolling that hundred thousandth pupil in his newly bestowed capacity of registrar;

To the Faculty, the right to heave a solemn sigh to heaven as one more batch of incomprehensible incorrigibles gleefully slam the door behind them, never again to haunt those hallowed halls.

To our successors the Junior Class, we throw the torch, to carry on, to hold on high, with futile hopes that they may not so nearly drive their poor instructors to idiocy or insanity as we have. To them we also entrust our fond advisor, Mr. Frederick William McClusky, the First, to their certain edification.

To the Sophomores and Freshmen, the privilege of producing minstrels, mixers and proms in future years to their little hearts' content and to the incidental indentation of their treasury. We hope and pray they may never break our breakage record in chemistry laboratory.

To Ira, in the bookstore, we bequeath the inalienable right to keep on hand forever an inexhaustible supply of examination books to the joy and exaltation of those poor unfortunates who yet remain in resignation.

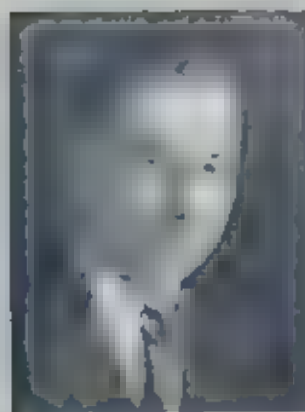
To Baldy, the Candy Kid, we grant the right to maintain at any and all times a most complete assortment of Oh! Henry's, Oh! Mabel's, Old Nicks and old whatnots, most especially for classroom consumption.

To the elevator operator, in conclusion, we bequeath a furlined gold-knobbed elevator cage which should be sufficiently elastic to accommodate the muttering mob that he always leaves behind.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto affixed our signature and seal.

Class of 1925

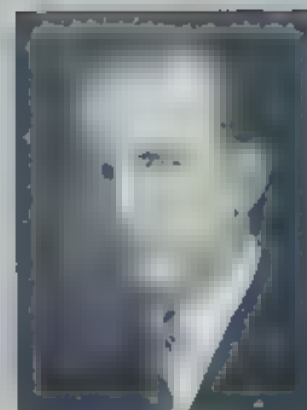
CENTRAL PREPARATORY SCHOOL



Edwin W. Diller
Vice-President



Kenwyn Crabs
President



James DeVries
Secretary-Treasurer

Under the able guidance of our own Mr. Wilson, the fifty-five men who were eligible organized as the Junior Class, during the early days of last September. The first class meeting was given over to a discussion of proposed candidates for class officers. At the second meeting, the election was held. K. S. Crabs was elected Junior Class president, E. Diller vice president, and T. O. Slack, secretary treasurer. Shortly afterward, Don Tutsman was chosen as Junior Class Athletic Representative.

To the Junior Class goes the credit for having introduced and made possible an Annual Prom, as an addition to Central Day's social calendar. The Junior Social Committee spent much time in deliberating upon the various aspects of the proposed affair, and their deep conviction that such a function would be successful finally won the unanimous support of the school.

The Class was not always the winner in its gym activities, yet it has acquitted itself in a very commendable manner, several of its athletes holding individual records in gym work.

In the Student Drive, the Juniors easily won first place, and with it, a suitably engraved gavel which the Class holds as a much prized trophy.

On the occasion of the inter-class debates, the Junior Class Debating Team delivered their side of the question in a highly creditable manner. Their address was quite faultless and the individual style of each member of the team reflected well on the Junior Class as a whole.

The responsive spirit of the Juniors was strongly evident during the Hong Kong drive. The hearty readiness with which they stepped forward in answer to this worthy call demonstrated to a marked degree the stuff of which true class spirit is composed.



As in these affairs, so it has been in all other matters in which the Juniors have been privileged to share. Their attitude has been one of class loyalty, coupled with a willingness to assume their full portion of any labor that might be entailed in the earnest promotion of student activities.

Thomas O. Slack's resignation at the close of the fall semester, deprived the Junior Class of an able secretary-treasurer. However, Mr. Slack's own suggestion, that James De Vries succeed him in this office, was enthusiastically received by the Juniors. A rising vote of the class members plainly demonstrated the popularity of "Jimmy's" good humored smile and friendly disposition.

It is well, in passing, to mention the keen interest which the Juniors have exhibited in the recently organized Central Day baseball teams. Their initial victory in the opening game versus the Seniors seems to presage an excellent season for them.

At all times, particular attention is centered upon the Junior Class, because it contains the nucleus of the leaders for the coming year. Thus, the exploits of the Class of '26 have been watched with interest, both by the men who precede them, and by those who follow. It is the sincere hope of the Junior Class, in summarizing their accomplishments during the past year, that they have not only proved themselves well fitted to lead Central Day Prep during 1926, but that they have also served as a worthy example to the boys who are about to take their place, and carry on as the Class of '27.

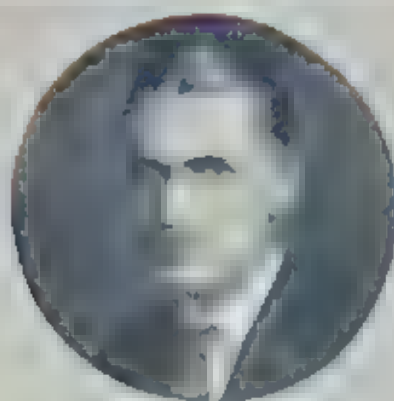
KENWYN CRABS

Juniors

Evening



Arvid G. Carlson
Acting Vice-President
and Secretary



Ferdell O. Rounds
President



Leslie F. Mason
Treasurer

It was three years to the day that we first looked with amazement at the vast proportion of education. It seemed as though it was going to be a hard and tedious task to finish the four years. On finishing our third year we have found it not only a less difficult task than imagined but a very pleasant one. The spirit of good fellowship that has backed the class, made our studies easier and our three years more successful. We realize that in another year we shall pass out of the doors of our school for the last time, taking with us the memories of the pleasant friendships formed during our preparatory career.

The Juniors as a body carried to the front, during the year, all their studies as well as their school activities. At the Inter Class Mixer the Juniors turned out in full array and were the "mixiest". The outstanding social event of the school year was the Junior Prom. Through the Prom Committee and the co operation of the Junior Class this colossal event was made a tremendous success. This year an Inter Class Athletic Association was formed and the Juniors displayed much athletic prowess.

In conclusion we the Junior Class, wish to extend felicitations and good luck to the class of '25.

HOWARD T. MASON



"When Will It Be Thus?"

The Central Prep. Debating Team wins city championship.

Great crowds flock to the Auditorium to see the performance of "Time Will Tell" given by the Central Dramatics Club.

Central Athletics Commissioner receives telegrams from prominent schools upon completion of a defeatless year.

The Junior Prom, which has been the talk of the town for months, was held last night at the Irianon Ballroom. Great crowds were turned away.

President of the United States lays cornerstone of the new Central Prep School. In his speech he says that a glance thru 'Who's Who' will show what has been done by former students and what may be expected for future ones.

The Centralite wins first prize in national contest.

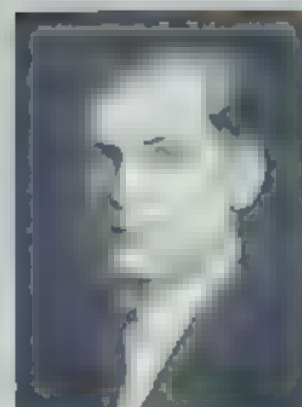




Joseph Ropa
Vice-President



John Stih
President



Stephen J. Vargo
Secretary

Labor omnia vincit

"Hard work overcomes all things." That has been the spirit of the Sophomore Class since embarking on its second voyage on the sea of learning. When our freshman year was completed we gave a sigh of relief, chucked the "ole" brief case in the corner and endeavored to squeeze in a few hours of extra sleep during the summer months. But when September rolled around, we were back "on deck," some of us rather reluctantly, but ready to take up the burden where we had left off. It was difficult for us, difficult because of sacrifices, but seeing our banner in the sky urged us on. Therefore the Sophomores look forward to 1927.

The Class has been one of the foremost in school activities. We were at the Mixer, at the Prom, and we did our share for the Annual. Too much credit cannot be given to our peerless leader, "Jack" Anthony Stih. Because of his record of leadership in the Freshman Class he was elected president of the Sophomores. Taking the role of cheer leader when the occasion demanded, he urged his fellow students on, keeping up their spirits with a "sail on, and on, and on."

The Sophomore Class is an invaluable cog in the wheel of Central Prep. It is imbued with the spirit of the School as evidenced by its being the foremost in enthusiasm with its yells. "Yea Sophomores! Yea Central! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

STEPHEN J. VARGO, Secretary.



MR. MARR, WHAT ABOUT IT?

Nothing is better than a good recitation (Axiom No. 1).
 A poor recitation is better than nothing (Axiom No. 2).
 Therefore, a poor recitation is better than a good one.—Q. E. D.

* * *

Mr. Bloxom (first night): "Has any one of you had previous experience in public speaking?"

Ocampo: "I have."

Mr. Bloxom: "Where?"

Ocampo: "Correspondence course."

* * *

Rounds: "Have you got a loop aerial for your radio?"

Havel: "No, it's out on the house."





Herman Arnold
President

Albert C. Hammer
Secretary-Treasurer

At least we can say for the Freshmen that they are game losers, (gasp), and even if they frequently do come out second best, it usually isn't their fault. They have won no debates, yet there are no more enthusiastic debaters than they; they don't shine athletically either. (Which one of the gentlemen present said, "Trackmeet," in a still small voice?), but that doesn't seem to affect the gym attendance. In fact the Freshman Class appears to be almost entirely composed of the durable sort of personality that doesn't know when it's beaten, and consequently never is. No inferiority complexes, (witness the class motto, "Leaders of Tomorrow," and the pride they take in it! They really believe in it and it may be true), and no pessimism. Odds have absolutely no effect on freshmen: they eat odds every morning with coffee and rolls to give them that pleasant feeling. Perhaps they're absorbing determination from Mr. Seney. He has plenty to spare. It makes them about as apprehensive and diffident as the honorable Wilhelm before the war.

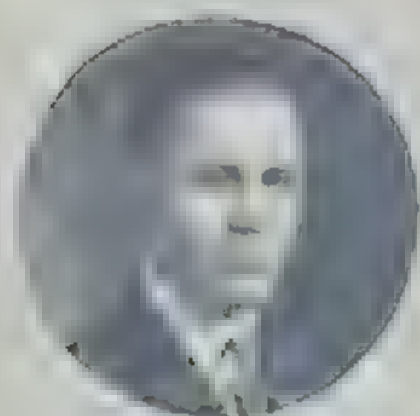
The freshman banquet was something to be proud of. It was held in the "Y" cafeteria, (no casualties). Everyone had a chance to talk about something, (anything), and a pleasant time was had by all, as the historian Suetonius phrases it in his dramatic portrayal of the death of Nero. Mr. Seney and our principal, Mr. Wing, were present, and a speaker from the University of Chicago addressed the members. Songs were chosen and duly executed, ("executed" is good. No offense), and the class spirit figuratively danced a jig on the graves of former reverses.

The freshman colors are officially maroon and white. To get the best effect when wearing them a textbook in some suitable shade should be tucked under the left arm. The effect is quite fascinating, especially to the faculty. Speaking of fashions, trousers are growing so voluminous that there is really no need to sweep the floor any more. We are hoping against hope that no one happens to think of hoop-trousers.

DONALD MAC DONALD.



IN MEMORY
of
our fellow-student
and classmate—
GORMAN S. O'MEARA



Leo J. Bartolini
President



A. Irving Goux
Secretary

Sweeping before us all records of previous freshman classes, we the Freshman Class of '28, envious of the former classes, have set a precedent for future freshmen to surpass.

Our participation in class activities and our determination that the 'Freshman Spirit' should not be thwarted was particularly noticed by our attendance at the Inter Class Mixer. The stamp of a good mixer was placed on every Freshman who attended, although the affair was a new thing to us.

The Junior Prom, also, was well attended by us and it has been stated that the rollicking freshmen helped add zest and color to the unforgettable prom.

If all other activities had not come up to standard, our defeating the Seniors in the inter class basketball series and taking the championship of the School, would alone have made the Freshmen an indispensable class in every sense of the word.

The Lincoln Club also has shared in our activities. Debating seemed to hold the class in its grasp all through the year and freshmen were sprinkled among the winners of the numerous debates.

We, the Freshmen of '28, are out and going strong, sweeping all before us, conquering, making new records, and setting precedents. Therefore, let us live long in the minds of all the students, instructors, and future members of the Central Preparatory School.

Keep us at your finger tips, watch us, when in need call on us and "WE WILL BE THERE!"

DANIEL A. N. PATTARSON
President First Semester.

Freshmen

Evening



Freshman: "Four years is a long time."

Mr. Buck: "Yes, but you're young and not handicapped with a wife and family."

Freshman: "I know that, but there's no telling when you may become handicapped."



Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Classes

Evening



Arthur C. Engelskirchen
Vice-President

Cecil W. Griswold
President

Ralph E. Winge
Secretary

The Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday classes consist of students, who because of convenience or necessity, have classes on these nights rather than on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Although we are not in direct contact with the other section of the School, we have shown the true 'Central Spirit'. Under the leadership of Cecil Griswold and Arthur Engelskirchen we have given our support to all student activities.



PALS LIKE YOU

When the troubles and toil of the School of Affairs
 Infest our later days,
We'll dream of the time when we lived without cares,
 In a sort of mental haze.
We'll think of the time we spent as chums,
 When life's gray clouds were few,
And feel we hear the distant hums
 That call old pals like you.

We'll sit at the desks we used to share
 At the Central Y M C A,
And make believe you're sitting there
 As you used to yesterday.
But the closed books and vacant seats
 Will make us sad and blue,
And we shall not even read or speak
 When we miss old pals like you.

We'll miss you, pals, and the nights will be long,
 Long and dark and still,
We'll miss the smiles and we'll miss the songs
 That brought the old time thrills.
And out of the night we'll hear your plea,
 And it will ring loud and true,
For you'll seem to say the same as we,
 "We miss old pals like you."

EDWARD F. KRITZKE.

Snapshots





Organizations

Staff



Capt. H. Porter
Editor—Day



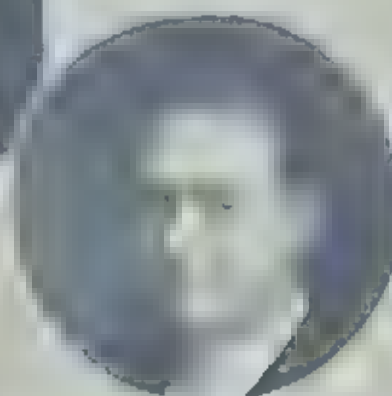
Herbert H. Boettcher
Editor—Evening

In editing the Centralite we, the Staff, have put forth our best efforts to give to the students something different and better. In view of the central location of the School we have constructed the book on the "Central" idea, in our division pages, our snapshot pages, and our literary section, we have carried out this idea. These pages hinge one on the other and lend a unity to the whole work.

The student body has entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of the enterprise. It is largely their co-operation that has made this book possible. There have been a number of students in both day and evening school who, although not members of the Staff, have given their time and genius to the work. In the Day School, Kenwyn Crabs and Lawrence Crosby have at all times been ready to lend their assistance. In the Evening School, Carleton Jacobson,



Clarence Dralle
Literary—Day



Walter J. Otto
Photos—Day

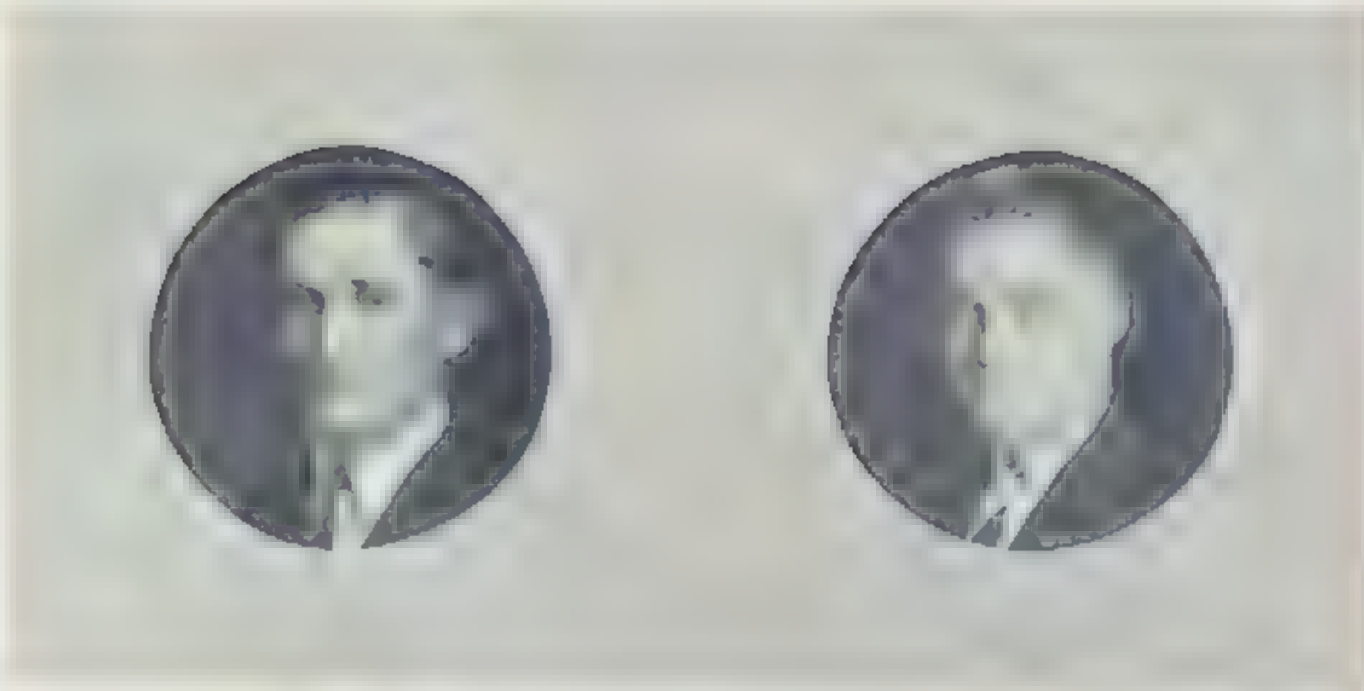


Erwin E. Klein
Photos—Evening



John W. Erickson
Literary—Evening

Staff



John D. Owen Business Mgr.—Day

John M. Falasz Business Mgr.—Evening

Howard Mason, Leo Bartolini and the class reporters have been in the work from the start. It is to such men as these that we owe the splendid articles appearing throughout the book.

Our advisor, Mr. Everett, has been of invaluable assistance in all branches of the work. We sincerely thank him, for we fully appreciate the hours of work which he has so cheerfully given.

We thank the Misses Wagner, Matirko, Routson, and White for their untiring efforts in typing our material for the printer.

As this book goes to press we feel that we have in some measure kept pace with the spirit of the School—always to do one's best. We have made changes in the style and type only after long consideration. In so doing we feel that we have been able to give to the students an annual which will rank high in the National High School Annual Contest which we have entered.



Lyman C. Anderson
Clubs—Day

Douglas J. Terborgh
Classes—Day

Victor Havel
Art—Evening

Ferdel O. Rounds
Class and Club—Evening



Top Row: Ralph Woodfield, Herman Arnold, Joseph Harney, Kenwyn Crabs
 Bottom Row: Walter J. Otto, O. N. Wing, principal, Boles Gabczynski, Leonard Greatwood

Boles Gabczynski Chairman

The Student Council of Central Day Preparatory School is composed of the presidents of each active student organization. The Senior, Junior and Freshman classes, together with the Speakers Club and Hi-Y Club enjoy equal representation on this body. Its purpose is to co operate with the Faculty in the regulation of student discipline, to suggest beneficial changes in the rules of the School, in so far as they concern the general student morale, and to originate, plan, and carry through activities of a serious or entertaining nature, in order to attract and stimulate the student's interests in the affairs of his own educational institution. Weekly meetings are held in the office of the School and every opportunity is given the council boys to conduct their procedure of business as they see fit.

The 1924 1925 Student Council has shown itself to be exceedingly active in all matters which have either been introduced by it, or brought to its attention. The Council has had some part in the direction of every activity in which any organization in the School has engaged. It has principally exerted its influence on behalf of the class parties, the Annual Prom, the Student Drive, student discipline and the promotion of athletics.

Were it not for the Student Council, the personal touch between instructor and student would be lacking. The councilman is a student himself and so is acquainted with student problems. Because he is received by the faculty and invited to discuss with them all matters which the council feels are of moving importance, he is cognizant of all phases of a question, and so may be prepared to act for the School in an intelligent manner.



Top Row. John M. Falaaz, Carleton J. Jacobson, Leslie F. Mason, Leo J. Bartolini
Bottom Row: John Stih, Ferdell O. Rounds, Herbert H. Boettcher, John W. Erickson

OFFICERS

Herbert H. Boettcher	President
Ferdell O. Rounds	Vice-President
J. Anthony Stih	Secretary-Treasurer

The Student Council, the hub of student government, consists of presidents of classes and various clubs, and holds session on alternate Mondays at 10:15 P. M. in Room 730, throughout the school year.

Customary officers to an organized group are elected and the sessions are carried on in dignified order with strict adherence to Roberts' Rules of Order.

The duties of the Student Council are many and essential. Some of the most important are worth mentioning: supervision and promotion of the Annual Inter-class Mixer, one of the biggest social events of the year, appointment of candidates for the Centralite Staff, sanction of inter class and inter-club enterprises, and finally helping to create and maintain an atmosphere of school spirit and fellowship.

This year, through the able and efficient leadership of Mr. Herbert Boettcher, some very important and beneficial measures have been adopted. The Merit System of awarding honors with the School letter "C" as the trophy, and the re-drafting of the Student Council Constitution, a very tedious matter, were the most notable.

Finally, to the student:—The Student Council is ready to serve you at all times. Give its members hearty support and co-operation.

J. ANTHONY STIH.



Edward J. Penkala

Bernard Feldthouse

Cape H. Porter

Walter J. Otto

The purpose of the Adelphic Chapter Honor Society of the Central Day Preparatory School is to encourage the development of character, to create enthusiasm for high scholarship, to promote leadership, and to stimulate a desire to render a conspicuous service among students of the School.

To be eligible for election to the society a student must be a senior, have a high scholastic record, and be of good character. To be elected a member is the highest honor conferred by this school.

The organization is chartered by the National Honor Society, making it national in character and scope. The members are entitled to wear the official emblem of the society, the gold key.

C. H. PORTER



Adam Slaw

Bolea Gabczynski

John D. Owen

Honor "C" Club

Evening



Herbert H. Boettcher John W. Erickson John M. Falasz Erwin E. Klein
Ferdell O. Rounds

To keep pace with the growing spirit of Central and to give added zest and enthusiasm for higher student achievement in activities and in scholarship, the Student Council has instituted the Honor "C" Awards.

To those men who have distinguished themselves throughout the year in student activities in addition to having made a good scholastic grade, the Honor "C" pin is given.

They have done considerable to mould the growing spirit of Central. Central will miss them, we believe they will miss Central. We know that they will cherish the honor emblem and that they will go on with the same spirit as that which won for them the first honor awards of Central.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL



George R. Colburn Arvid G. Carlson John J. Johansen
Arthur E. Johnson



Top Row- Frank Gross, Michael Wasick, Gregory Varonis, Arthur Olson, Adam Slaw, Albert C. Hammer, Darrell F. Matthews, William I. Morgan, Milton Denny, George Ludwig
Second Row- Stanley Kuhns, Clarence Dralle, Alfredo Bustamante, F. J. Cushing, Morris P. Hull, Thaddeus Lukas, Ralph W. Woodfield, Herbert Lacy, Samuel D. Kelly
Bottom Row- William Cowdy, Lyman C. Anderson, James R. Stephenson, Walter J. Otto, Mr. Hadley, L. H. Greatwood, John D. Owen, Boles Gobjczynski, Caps H. Porter

OFFICERS

Walter J. Otto President
John D. Owen Secretary-Treasurer
Leonard H. Greatwood Chairman

On September 25, 1924 the old and new members of the Speakers Club met and a temporary organization was formed. Mr. Hadley was chosen as advisor. On October 9, an election of officers was held. Walter Otto was elected president. John Owen, Secretary, and Boles Gobjczynski, chairman.

The purpose of the Speakers Club is to teach the members through practice the art of being able to stand on their feet and speak in a clear and dignified manner. During the past year the Speakers Club has been one of the most active organizations in the School.

Early in the semester two debating teams were organized to deliver a debate before the School. The purpose of this debate was to create an interest in debating, before the call for men for class teams was sent out. The subject of this debate was: Resolved, That Woodrow Wilson was a greater President than Theodore Roosevelt. The affirmative side of this question was taken by Walter Otto, Caps Porter and Albert Lohse, who acted as alternative. The members of the negative team were Leonard Greatwood, Gregory Varonis and Boles Gobjczynski, alternative.

At the beginning of the spring semester a new chairman was elected, Leonard Greatwood. The new chairman took up his duties immediately. In March the Club gave a banquet in the School cafeteria. A fine program was arranged with Mr. H. L. Currie as the speaker of the day. He spoke on "The History of Interest". His talk was very appropriate and instructive to members of the Club.

The Speakers Club, although new in the School, has grown into one of the major organizations and has developed many students into good material for the inter class debates. Its efforts have been recognized by the faculty of the School and accepted as a worthwhile activity.

L. C. ANDERSON.



Top Row: R. A. Chodd, Edward J. Bouck, John P. Malik, Frank Wetterstrom, Roberto C. Ocampo, J. W. Leibacher, Eugene J. Dissette, Jr., Bruno Zawacki, Frank Florite
 Second Row: Herbert H. Boettcher, Edward Kinowski, Curt Loebus, Chas. Horwich, Benjamin Weinrobs, Louis W. Kosvich, D. D. Shakespeare, Wm. B. Cowperthwait, Ben. Frankel
 Third Row: Leslie F. Mason, J. Anthony Stih, Everett J. Hall, G. A. Kriean, H. Meisner, Sabin R. Easck, Howard T. Mason, George C. Jepsen, R. A. W.
 Bottom Row: E. W. Santelman, Arthur Kereh, Julius Dulaky, Sol. Karmán, J. W. Milne, Leo J. Bartolini, Harry Lindgren, Raymond Hebbert, Percy Hicks

OFFICERS

Leo J. Bartolini	President
Wm. B. Cowperthwait	Vice-President
Irving A. Goux	Secretary
Wm. P. Paterik	President First Semester

At the outset of the school year our club consisted of about ten active members. The enrollment now is approximately seventy five. This increase indicates that the students of our school are beginning to realize the value of being able to speak while on their feet. The student is aided in every day life by being able to express himself to those with whom he comes in contact.

The meetings of the Central Lincoln Club were held until late this winter, on Tuesday nights. However, this being an odd night, it was decided to hold the meetings on Wednesday, after class hours. The school immediately turned out to support it and the membership increased far beyond our expectations.

Debates that were held during the school year at the general assemblies were received with applause from both students and instructors. These debates, besides being interesting, prove what can be done if the students will co-operate.

The Lincoln Club owes its success to the faculty advisor, Mr. Milne, as it was really due to his efforts that the Club came through its darkest periods. He helped the debaters prepare their outlines and helped stage the trial in which he was the austere judge. Mr. Milne also conceived the plan of staging an intra-club debate that is still in progress.

The Central Lincoln Club is ready to receive students who are willing to show that they can and will go through with duties assigned to them, if only given a chance who look at our world as a body of truth and sincerity, and who desire to be able to defend their principles it called upon to do so.

LEO J. BARTOLINI



Top Row: John A. Willet, Walter Otto, Bernard Feldthouse, Clarence Dralle, Boles Gabczynski, Gordon Bull, Robert Beard

Second Row: L. C. Anderson, Edward Coleman, John Dobbie, Russell Hendrickson, Melvin C. Anderson, Francis Giguere

Third Row: Albert G. Hammer, Herbert Lacy, Ralph Woodfield, George Frasier, Sam Kelly, John D. Owen, Albert J. Winser

Bottom Row: Angus R. Davidson, Joseph Harney, Mr. MacGuidwin, Alfredo Bustamante, John Sweetman, Ken S. C.

OFFICERS

Joseph W. Harney	President
William H. Goudy	Vice-President
Alfredo Bustamante	Secretary-Treasurer

The purpose of the Hi-Y is to promote clean living, clean scholarship, clean sports, and clean speech in the student body and to maintain a helpful attitude toward all.

The Club in its regular weekly meetings conducts discussions on selected topics of a social, political, and spiritual nature that are of great value to its members. These meetings afford the members an opportunity for the friendly discussion of topics that are of vital importance to our school and in our everyday life. Members take active part in the religious discussions regardless of their religious faith. The spiritual side being the most important in the Hi-Y program, we have this year been discussing the lives of outstanding Bible characters, such as Peter, Paul, and others of like importance.

Last November the Club gave a party to the faculty and students under the direction of our advisor, Mr. MacGuidwin. The program consisted of music, a mock trial, "eats," and a good time for all.

In February we were represented by twelve of our members at the Annual Hi-Y Jamboree, held in our own Auditorium. This Jamboree featured snappy songs, peppy yells, and inspiring speeches by school leaders and outstanding athletes.

Such are the history, purpose, and activities of the Hi-Y. We feel that it deserves the undivided support and wholehearted co-operation of the whole student body because no other club is trying to uphold the moral and spiritual standard of our school in a way that corresponds to the program carried out by the Hi-Y.

ALFREDO BUSTAMANTE, Secretary.



Top Row: Erwin E. Klein, F. D. Cravador, Albert Gay Blasko, Herbert Schuelke, Carl A. Lundien, F. O. Rounds, John W. Erickson, Howard T. Mason
 Second Row: Numeriano N. Gerasta, Julius Lubansky, John A. Phillips, P. Norehad, Herman Zimmer, Wm. C. Boecher, Roy W. Johnson
 Third Row: J. Patrick Lacey, Albert V. Pierce, Stephen W. Przanowski, James Riba, W. I. Vokolek, Edmund M. Grzejewski, Earl J. Bruso
 Bottom Row: Raymond Morin, Charles Bedig, A. Bert Tansom, H. H. Boettcher, Leslie F. Mason, Carl R. Nelson, A. G. Carlson

OFFICERS

Leslie F. Mason President
 Herbert H. Boettcher Vice-President
 Carl R. Nelson Secretary

Yes, this is the group of students who help lead in the promotion of the "Good Fellowship" spirit which prevails among the students. It is evident that this spirit of good fellowship is the outstanding feature in making all extra-curricular activities, besides the class activities, a great success.

Through professional men, who are our speakers, we learn of the vast necessity of fellowship, and the teaching of Christianity in practical business or professional undertakings. The following speakers are some of the eminent men of many professions who have spoken to us within the last year: Dr. Kiel, house physician at the Hotel Sherman; Mr. Bates, from the Illinois Merchant's Trust Company; R. R. Vernon, of the Y M C A College; Mr. Balduf, Dean of the Y M C A College of Arts and Sciences; Dr. Wickizer, Pastor of Ravenswood Christian Church; Mr. Goff, Y M C A Welfare Worker; Rev. Clinton C. Cox, Pastor of Dreese Park Presbyterian Church; Rev. Bernard of All Saints Episcopal Church.

These short messages delivered to us on Mondays at five o'clock in the Y M C A Cafeteria are greatly appreciated and all members benefit by them.

The club has been thriving for five years, doing the good work, of which I have spoken, for our membership is large, our text being "Long live the Central Fellowship Club," and our motto being, "Good Fellowship."

LESLIE F. MASON, President.



Herbert Hicklin, Everett Dagger, Arthur Keil, Albert Gardner, Martin Anderson, Erving Smeeton, Ralph Woodfield, John Dobbie, Harold Palmer, Fred DeCordova, Earnest Friend, advisor Lowell Stevenson, William Goudy

OFFICERS

R. Woodfield	President
E. Smeeton	Vice-President
Lowell Stevenson	Secretary
Frederic DeCordova	Treasurer

Realizing the necessity for developing themselves more definitely along physical, moral, and mental lines, a group of Freshmen decided to organize a club to accomplish this purpose. The result was the Tri Mu Club. This name was chosen since it emphasises the purpose of the Club, namely, mental, moral, and muscular development.

The organization has been perfected and officers elected for the balance of the year. They are: President, R. Woodfield, Vice president, E. Smeeton; Treasurer, DeCordova; Secretary, Lowell Stevenson.

The program committee of the Club has worked out a series of tests which aims to develop the members in a symmetrical growth. At present the members are working on the first degree. Programs at the Club meetings consist of discussions on subjects of vital interest to the boys. Personal, as well as social, problems are discussed and a common understanding of these problems is the aim. By developing a common group standard, it is believed the Club will be able to influence, to a great extent, the life of the boys at Central Prep. The Club has taken trips to several of Chicago's largest industries and other points of interest. In the future, speakers to boys, as well as other forms of entertainment, will constitute important features on the Club program.

A splendid sweater emblem has been adopted by the boys and has helped a great deal to make the influence of the Club count in the school.

We are looking forward to a progressively successful year in 1925-'26.



Top Row Francis W. Colburn, Theodore D. Proehl, Herman Scheidemantel, Herman Luedtke, R. Carl Hilliard, Louis H. Hanczuk, Leslie T. Mason, Raymond Morin
 Second Row Carleton J. Jacobson, Matteo A. Bonfiglio, R. H. Keenleyside, Adrian L. Ahlgrim, C. E. Nline, Gustave E. Berliner, Erwin E. Klein
 Bottom Row Howard T. Mason, John W. Erickson, Carlisle Bloxom, H. H. Boettcher, J. Anthony Stih, Frank Fiorite

OFFICERS

Carlisle Bloxom
 John W. Erickson
 John M. Falasz
 J. Anthony Stih
 Herbert H. Boettcher

Coach
 President
 Vice-President
 Secretary
 Treasurer

Should you have wandered down near the Auditorium late one evening last September and heard the commotion and excitement and paused long enough to inquire what it was all about, a peep into the Auditorium would have satisfied your curiosity. You would have seen a comely, rather serious looking man standing before a prodigious group of crooks, moonshine smugglers, cowboys, financiers, artists and what not, for it was the organization meeting of the Dramatic Club and this comely looking gentleman was none other than Mr. Carlisle Bloxom. Mr. Bloxom had just delivered an intensively realistic reading which had so delighted the group that they had unconsciously become frenzied with excitement and applause.

But that was that. More was yet to be seen of Mr. Bloxom and the Dramatic Club. About two months later at the Inter-Class Mixer the Dramatic Club presented "The Moonshiner," a one act play with its setting among the moonshiners in the hills of Kentucky. This won first prize as the best act on the bill. Later, at the Class Day Exercises, after six weeks of intensive and patient coaching, the Dramatic Club successfully presented, "A Successful Calamity," a comedy in four acts, which, without a doubt, revealed Mr. Bloxom as a coach of wide experience and natural ability. The club is now busily engaged in practice for the June play, which will mark the culmination of a year of unprecedented achievements.

J. ANTHONY STIH.



Albert Jay Blasko, P. Norehed, Stephen W. Przanowski, T. H. Nielsen, Lawrence R. Roch, C. Russell Lundquist, Francis W. Colburn, F. W. McClusky, E. C. Dobin, George V. Pohelaki

ORCHESTRA

"Music hath charms" is a quotation that has been proved a fact by members of the musical research laboratory under the able direction of Mr. William F. McClusky. Every Monday evening the sweet strains of music may be heard floating, now somewhat morbidly, now spritely, through the halls of Old Central.

The orchestra, although seriously handicapped by evening practices, has become one of the leading organizations of the school lending color and inspiration through the stimulating channels of music.

This loyal group comprising the orchestra has spent many late hours in practice so that proficiency might be attained in the presentation of the selections.

The student body as a whole appreciates the fact that an organization such as the orchestra continues with such good spirit. The constituents of activities are not complete, in the students' opinion, without an organization of this nature.

The Orchestra of '25 sincerely hopes that succeeding groups will continue the splendid work and attain a new goal for each succeeding ensemble.



Literary

ANTONIO CORELLI, REBEL

The blood red disk of the setting sun was casting its lengthening shadow fingers over the neat checker board of truck farms, lying just northwest of Chicago. A vegetable truck, returning from the city, rumbled from the white ribbon of concrete into the little barnyard of 'Corelli Bros. Frank Corelli skilfully maneuvered his vehicle into the narrow garage and snapped off the switch.

Tony Corelli sat within the house, staring unseeingly through his own bitter thoughts at the departing glory of the day. The grating sound of the closing garage door and his uncle's heavy step on the porch, failed to arouse him. The last bronze rays of light filtering through a pillar of onion trays in the yard cast a latticed reflection over Tony's face, which seemed struggling to suppress some inner conflict. Not until his mother lit the evening lamp, dispelling the purpling outer twilight into utter blackness, did Tony awaken from his reverie.

Tony's Uncle Frank stood in the doorway and paused, in the act of filling his pipe. He very seldom directly addressed his nephew, for the boy spoke no Italian—and English was a decided effort for Frank Corelli. "Whazza matta dat you queet da job so early, hey? I ink you got so moocha time come seet een da house?"

All the pent up resentment which Tony had been harboring since his father's death, welled to the surface as the boy faced his uncle. "If you think the short four hours that I spend in the Community High School must be offset by ten hours of back breaking labor in the fields, you are mistaken," he retorted. "I've stood just about as much as I can stand, so we might just as well settle the whole matter now."

The expression of the elder Corelli's face did not change and as the silence grew longer, the hot flame of anger burned higher in Tony's breast. At length, the uncle turned on his heel and left the room, with an admixture of annoyance and bewilderment on his previously impassive countenance.

"Tony." The sound of his mother's voice stopped the boy as he was about to ascend to his room. "Why don't you let me talk to him, Tony?" his mother said. "He comes from Corsica, son, and to him, education means training one's hands. He just doesn't understand."

But Tony would not harken to the voice of reason. Imbued with a desire for the finer things in life, Tony all his days had had to contend with the unprogressive attitude of the Old World peasantry, which made up his little home and the community about him.

The one bright spot had been his mother's sympathy, and her own willingness to learn. But tonight Tony did not think of this, nor did he think of his uncle's good qualities, and the excellent progress which he himself was making in school. Instead, he allowed the revulsion, which had only been strengthened by his father's death, to seize him once more. At the end of two hours of brooding in the solitude of his room, he arrived at a decision.

Packing a few articles of clothing and leaving a note for his mother, Tony quietly left the house and struck out for the nearby interurban junction.

His mind was still dazed by the sudden manner of his own departure, and he had formulated no definite plan of procedure. Gradually, however, the hard roadbed and midnight air forced an idea into the boy's head. He would reach the junction before the first morning vegetable train for Chicago would pull through. Therefore Chicago must be his destination. What he should do upon reaching the city was still subject for conjecture; but he would at least be free from this hampering environment.

Several days later, a much chastened and foot-sore Tony Corelli obtained a job with a paving company which had contracted to re-surface one of the great bridges spanning the dirty waters of the Chicago River. But the tearing out of old paving blocks with a pick axe was labor such as young Tony could not relish. He had been used to rough toil on the farm, but the unaccustomed pick soon raised large blisters on his palms, while by noon, the evident ignorance of his fellow-laborers had likewise blistered his soul.

Sick at heart, Tony seated himself in solitary dejection on the door sill which led into one of the bridge towers. Not even the morning's strenuous exertion had been able to rouse any relish for the sandwich held listlessly in his hand. It began to seem as though Environment spelled an utterly unscalable barrier in his path.

"For a young fellow your spirits seem to be rather low, my lad." With a start, Tony turned to see the genial figure of a seamed and weather-beaten man of about sixty years, standing at his elbow.

"Why," replied Tony, "I was just thinking—thinking what a clod a pick axe can make of a man."

The man in the doorway raised his eyebrows slightly, and regarded Tony more closely. "Lad," he said, "it isn't what you are doing, but the mental attitude with which you go about it that makes or unmakes you. If that pick represents hardship to you, it would be a simple matter to let go your grasp on trouble and never seize it again. Now with me, ever since the Great Lakes have seen fit to give me a disability pension, I've been raising and lowering this old bridge. But there is a satisfaction even in that to me. Often I'll sit up there with a good book in my lap, and muse over the human tide beneath me. That's getting a grandstand view of life," he ended whimsically.

"But suppose that the people around you were dull, commonplace and ignorant?" queried Tony.

"Boy," rejoined the bridge tender, "no person or people need hinder your best work, if you will to do what is right."

Before Tony returned to work, he had promised his newly found friend to return to the bridge tower that evening and continue this discussion which had become so interesting to both of them.

A week later, Tony Corelli sat looking out over the slowly flowing waters of the river, as his friend discoursed to him of true success and unselfishness. The sun was sinking to rest in just such a way as it had on that other evening which had marked the close of Tony's last day on the little farm that had been home to him. Each little sun flecked ripple seemed to sparkle like the trothy tiny brook which danced gaily through the fields he knew so well.

Literary

'Boy' the bridge tender spoke softly, you sit by that window, self condemned. You have admitted that your mother is your best friend and that you were enjoying the advantages of a good education, with the promise of college in the background. Your home was comfortable, and you had but to meet your uncle half way in order to realize a peaceful existence. Why, lad, thoughtless selfishness has been at the root of great revolutions which have torn the very hearts from prosperous lands. The sorrow which you have caused your mother has alone been sufficient to hollow the cornerstone of your ambition into a false foundation."

Once again Tony watched the departing day from the window of the Corelli farm. But this time his mother sat beside him. "Mother, I can see now where I was wrong," said Tony. "I was willing to ignore the desires and wishes of others, just to gratify my restless ambition. I was not willing to see that my neighbors were filling useful places in society, nor was I willing to thank you for the opportunities that you gave me. Even my uncle has shown that he can be kind."

"Mother, it's good just to live with an unselfish and open mind."

KENWYN S. CRABS.

A STORM AT SEA

Bold sea, why do you rumble, swish and roar?

I know. You are cruel and unjust, as those dark clouds that soar above you;

You are a jealous monster, with green eyes flashing;

You've a craving to destroy and take the life of men as you would a toy;

A selfish feeling unkind and full of rage, runs thru your icy bloodless veins,

You have no heart, as is shown by your inky, treacherous waves,

Which rise and fall with the sound of thunder in their very roll.

Wicked sea, 'tis dreadful to hear you rumble, swish and roar,

For when you are calm again and slumber 'neath the sun,

Then you a wrecker it will reveal

EUGENE STANESCO

OLD FACES IN THE HEARTH

On the outside it was cold, with a drizzling rain falling almost vertically. Inside, there was a warm coziness, and a ruddy fire in the hearth sending out a heated glow. All was quiet, except the rain softly pattering on the window panes and cement pavements.

I was alone, just sitting in the deep, leathery chair and gazing into the red coals of the hearth. My thoughts wandered lazily. Slowly, in the short flames which danced before me, old faces and pleasant memories of Central formed. I took my Centralite from the library table to help me recall old friends and old times. I again nestled in the big chair, and tenderly thumbed over the fingered pages. . . .

Connie Wagemen, Jack Johansen, and John Slattery, our old class officers are before me. So are the rest of my old classmates, Ed, Joe, George, Otto, Jack, Tony the photographer, Tom, and all the others. Once again we are in class with our instructors who patiently try to put some knowledge within us.

Through half closed eyes the Juniors appear with Jack Erickson, their skipper, and with Rounds and Blackford, his able mates. Talasz, 'Red' Colburn, and all the rest of the Juniors who fought for school leadership jump before me as of yore.

The peppery Sophomores are as vivid as they were in school. Herb Boettcher, Carlson and Rasmussen, the officers of that noisy group, peep and smile at me as they did when we met in the halls of Central.

I clearly see the many and shy faces of the first year men, those ambitious youngsters whom we all looked down upon. Smiling Jack Stib, their president, most likely has that 'yea, freshmen' look which was forever upon his countenance.

The clubs are actively engaged in their pursuits: the Dramatic Club in their play, Lincoln debaters granting this and proving that, Hi Yers spreading their wonderful spirit, the Fellowship Club in their talks, and the orchestra with its strains.

We dance again at the Prom. We have another "Mixer" with everything of fun and spirit. Our senior play with all its laughs is staged in the ruby brilliance of the fire.

So, on and on, far into the night, faces that I rarely see, come into the hearth and we live over and over again those beloved times we had at Central.

ONE OF '24.

LOST AND FOUND

Jack Brooks, ambitious young student of the Evening High School, had much reason to rejoice over his good fortune. For had he not saved up the sum of \$45.00 in the remarkably short period of five weeks? By sheer dint of strict economy and sacrifice of private luxuries and amusements, he had been enabled to attain the welcomed objective of his self-appointed task—the accumulation of the aforementioned sum of money. With this amount, Brooks would now be able, on the morrow, to pay in full his tuition for the semester. This achievement would be a laudable event in the career of any young man as it was a step toward the furtherance of his education and experience.

To go on, Brooks meant to celebrate, in a sense, his accomplishment. He planned to appease the Inner Man in a most satiating manner at his regular eating place, from which he had stayed away during the period of privation. Accordingly, the same evening, after the close of the usual strenuous working day, Jack hastened to the Astoria where he ordered and consumed, without any thought or fear of indigestion, a meal such as he had not enjoyed for a seemingly long time. After finishing, Brooks glanced at his check and frowned when he found that he did not have enough in loose change to cover it. He would have to take out a ten dollar bill from his wallet containing all his savings. He had always been averse to displaying money needlessly in public places, but he consoled himself with 'It can't be avoided.' He took out his purse from an inner coat pocket, paid the check, and placed his change back in the wallet. Before putting on his topcoat, he gave his money pocket, unconsciously, a reassuring pat.

After this enjoyable and filling dinner, Brooks proceeded in a leisurely way to his boarding home, where after a few hours of preparation of the following night's assignment, he retired for the day, falling into the troubled slumber of all heavy eaters—a sleep of fanciful dreams.

Upon entering the school building the next day, Jack Brooks bethought himself to pay his tuition before going to class. On the threshold of the cashier's office, Brooks put his hands into his money pocket and pulled out a memo book instead of his purse. Transferring this to another pocket, he again put his hands into his money pocket. At first, his fingers searched idly, then irritably, when they did not come in touch with the purse. Then frantically he took out all the contents, looked through them hurriedly with the agitation of his mind increasing rapidly as no purse came to light. Brooks quickly searched through all of his pockets, but the wallet could not be found.

Oh, the dashing to earth of his recent joys and the bitter taste of it all at the full realization of his loss! To have skimped and saved so long and then to lose all in an infinitely shorter period! Whether he had lost the wallet, or whether it had dropped out of his coat, or whether his pockets had been picked, he could not recall or ascertain in his bewildered condition. The first thing to do, he thought, would be to make an investigation at the Astoria. Upon reaching the restaurant and making inquiry, he was informed by the cashier that there had been a wallet turned in by one of their patrons. Brooks anxiously identified it, murmuring his thanks.

He felt a sudden elation as his hopes, which had just been submerged in the deepest slough of despair, rose again. He silently offered a prayer of thanks. But, alas, his happiness was quickly curtailed as inspection of the contents of the wallet found it to be—

Brr! Brr! Brr! Brr! reverberated loudly and shrilly in the ears of Brooks, as the ringing of the alarm clock abruptly awoke him from the unpleasant dream. For such it was, being due to his altogether too heavy meal earlier in the evening.

B. LUKAS

DUSK

Oh, Time, why do you follow at my heels
And point your finger at my hoary head?
Why do you mock me when I seek a smile
From youthful eyes that are so full of cheer?
Oh, demon, fiend incarnate, do not laugh!

You've robbed me of my friends, my wealth, my all,
And now you seek to kill the tiny flame
That flickers in my heart and warms my life.
Oh, soulless sir, a respite brief I beg
And then my burnt-out heart and life are yours.

But no, it's not to be, my time has come.
The hands of death are closing o'er my heart.
Oh, greedy monster, take away my life.
'Tis nought. I cast it at your bony feet.
I want it not. My God, that mocking laugh!

ROBERT EMMET MOORE.

THE SPIRIT OF CENTRAL

There's room at the top for the worker
Who is earnest and noble and true,
There's no room at all for the shirker,
Who quails at the struggles in view.

The winner is he with a vision
Of the crest of the mountain serene;
Who strives to reach Fields Elysian,
'Tho quagmires of trials intervene.

'Tho obstacles great and stupendous
His spirit may daunt for a time,
With a heart that is strong and courageous,
He o'ercomes them in combat sublime

Then hail to the Spirit of Central,
To the workers in Learning's domain!
Your hardships are but incidental,
And help you your mountain to gain.

T. H. NIELSEN

THE CLOCK ON THE MANTEL

The sun was at its zenith and the heat was terrific. A dry south wind was blowing making the heat more intense and scattering dust indiscriminately in all directions.

The sun and wind had both, it appeared, picked upon the only object animated with life, for coming down the street was an old man. The sun beat down upon him and the wind blew clouds of dust in his path. This man was old, and he had lived long. The weather, what was that to him?

His head was bowed and his whole body bent. He walked along timorously, each step a pain, a terrible exertion. He dragged his feet with a curious rythm, exactly opposite to the motion of his body. He wore what once resembled a hat and his clothes showed long usage. He had a lean face with heavy jaws, close, thin set lips and a rounded chin. His eyes caused one to wonder, for they were large and luminous. A young man's eyes in an old, set and hard face. Could it be possible that the mind remained as active as those eyes? Did the eyes reflect the youthfulness of a constantly roaming mind?

He supported his big bent frame upon a cane of exquisite workmanship. There was a perceptible increase in his dragging strides as he approached a dilapidated house. It was situated on a little knoll surrounded by space for miles around. It was a fine old house, built solid and square, to stand off that terrific pace-maker, Time.

He now stood squarely in front of the door and as if his presence without had been felt within, a maid came forth and gave him her hand for more support. They entered his room at the farthest end of the building, and there in front of his hearth, where a small fire was burning to keep him warm she placed him in his accustomed seat, directly in front of it and left him to himself.

The room which he occupied was devoid of any home touches. The only other object that shared his room was the mantel clock. The clock's face remained the same, in contrast to that of its master. The longer he worked the less he was troubled, but those around him wearied of his long years of pounding out the time. For did he not have the proofs? Did he not see his master grow old? Did he not see the family reared and broken? Ah! that life should contain so much and mean so little!

Life! at the mere thought of that word, the figure in the chair stirred. His mouth opened, his hands moved and his eyes flashed his thoughts. 'Life,' he said. 'What is it? A thing to be gotten and then a thing to be thrown away.' Suddenly Life stood before him and said, 'What hast thou against Life? Hast thou not now enjoyed life for almost a century?'

'Enjoyed life! A fine opinion you have of yourself! Enjoyed life, ha! Look at me. Do you see in me any resemblance to a babe in his cradle? From childhood to manhood I have struggled. I struggled as a babe in the cradle to become a boy, and no sooner a boy, than to be a man, and here I am a man, an old man, and what is there before me? Another struggle, perhaps, for who knows what death may bring?'

"You say you have struggled," said Life. "That in a great measure is true, but do you know of any achievements of great worth that were obtained

Literary

without a struggle? How can things be accomplished if there are no obstacles to surmount, to conquer? You struggled as a babe to become what you have now grown to be, and in that struggle did you not vanquish your boyhood and in turn your manhood? Are you not now a man? Is that not the finest struggle? Would you like to have gone through life without an effort? Just think whether the world would progress if there were no such struggles, no strifes.

"At your query of 'what is there before me?' I am astonished. Why do you ask what there is before you? Why not look backward? Did you not see your children grown to manhood and womanhood? How many enjoy that privilege? Should not your outlook on life be a little more calm, a little more serene? You have had all there is to offer. A family, long life and wisdom. If you did not achieve more, if you did not bring about a greater measure of success, whom have you to blame? I repeat that you have had everything there is to offer. For every day of honest effort you have received an equally honest return. Why ask 'What is there before me?'"

A shock went through the old man's frame, his face became distorted and he tried to rise, but, the effort being in vain, he sank back with a weak hoarse whisper and replied, "Yes, oh! yes, honest work, honest return, fine. A privilege to exist, a privilege to struggle and then die. Bah! Go away, take yourself from me. I am tired—tired of myself and tired of your foolish philosophy. Go away I say—go! leave me forever."

At this juncture a low rumble was heard and a slow but steady drizzle of rain beat down upon the earth. It was dark, so dark that one seemed to feel the closeness of the clouds over him, and Life turning to go, said, "Beware, old man, in darkness you came into this world and in darkness I have decided you must leave it. I depart forever."

The clock on the mantel, ticking away in his accustomed place, saw that the old figure in the chair did not move. He gaped, he could not hide his anxiety. (Could it be true?) His face showed his emotion, his hands stopped their perpetual movement, and with a sudden stop, a sudden realization that all was over he crashed to the floor, for Life had withdrawn from him too.

HARRY BRODI

SWEET ALICE

Sweet Alice you have captured me
With pure and lovely eyes,
So pure that they can only see
The good that in me lies.

To ope your eyes would be a sin,
To close them be a lie;
So my salvation lies but in
Forcing my sins to die.

I'll kill them with my love for you,
A weapon superfine;
Each sin shall die by love so true
And then you shall be mine.

WILLARD G. MURBACH.

CLASS PROPHECY—DAY

Midnight finds me seated at my desk, upon which lie an open book on medicine, some prescriptions, a crystal ball used as a paper weight, the evening paper, and a skull, the emblem of my profession. For ten years I have been a practicing physician. Today I have been so busy that this is my first opportunity to glance over the news.

At once my eye is caught by the headline, "Jack Owen, Chicago's own track star injured in an aeroplane crash." "His manager," continues the article, "Mr. Otto, says the injury was not severe, but has turned the case over to his physicians, Dr. Shaw and Dr. Terborgh." I am thus reassured, because I have heard of the remarkable ability of these physicians.

In another column I see the title of an article, "The Development of Chemistry," by L. C. Anderson; also the announcement that Prof. A. Olson, of Harvard is to give a lecture upon "Ladies" at the Woman's Club on Tuesday. I then turn to the editorial page and among the staff see several names, which seem familiar. There is C. Porter, as literary editor, M. Kirby, as city editor, and W. Gorski, as sport editor.

These items send my thoughts into the past. My classmates of long ago pass in review before me. I fall into a reverie. Where now are all my friends? Are they all happy and successful? Suddenly I hear a voice and sit spell-bound. "Have no fear, although a skull is speaking to you. Little did you know that in this skull which you have looked upon as your property, lives the spirit of Hermes Iresmigistis. I know your thoughts. Past, present and future are all alike to me. Look into the crystal upon your table and you shall see what you seek to know."

Timidly I obey, and in the crystal depths I see the White House in which two men are in conference. I recognize one as our President, John Sweetman, who is discussing with his secretary, B. Feldthouse, a bill introduced in Congress by Senator Harney, of Illinois. The bill provides for an increase in the salary of the vice president, and is strongly opposed by A. Lilyfors, who holds that position. Mr. Lilyfors states he would refuse to accept an increase unless the people insisted upon it.

As this scene vanishes, a stage appears upon which Claude Smith, who takes the part of leading lady, with haughty words, refuses the ardent proposals of the leading man, J. Hartney. Next J. Garth, who has been recognized as a rival to Paderewski, plays upon the piano a selection by L. Crosby, the famed composer, while the audience sits fascinated. In the audience I see such prominent men as S. Ellison, the criminal lawyer, A. Alderson, Chicago's greatest architect, and Bell, who is endeavoring to retain his heavy weight checker championship, which he recently won from Van Reekum.

This scene then changes and I find myself once more in the halls of Central Prep. In the office of the Principal I can see G. Goonrey, who is busy talking to some of the students. In the study hall I see S. Levitus, the geometry instructor, talking to H. Wheeler, the English instructor, about the appointment of G. Varonis as director of the School. In the Spanish class I see W. Murback trying to explain to a class of freshmen, the whys and wherefores of Spanish. In the gym I see Mulacek and Torres trying their hardest to keep the Junior School boys from raising the roof off the house.

Literary

Once more the scene changes and this time I find myself on a crowded street corner, where a crowd has gathered to listen to P. Cosme's lecture on 'Why you should attend baseball games on Wednesday'. He is followed by J. Keete who talks on the advantages of travel (by way of the side-door Pullman).

Next I see a spacious studio, in which an artist is working upon a masterpiece. The painter is none other than H. Pateira, looking greatly inspired by his work.

The magical power again changes the scene and presents The Hall of The League of Nations at Paris, at which sit C. Dralle and M. Hull as delegates from the United States and C. Costales and A. Bustamante as delegates from the Philippine Islands.

Following this comes the interior of a beautiful New York hotel, designed by the greatest of all American architects, B. Peterson, and owned by his classmate, F. Cushing. In the lobby are I. Bednarchuk, an expert in horticulture, who has just returned from Egypt where he improved the agricultural system, and R. Goleczynski, an ambassador, recently returned from China.

As I gaze, this marvelous scene changes and presents the interior of a bank, of which L. Lightel is president with S. Munson as his secretary.

This scene vanishes and as I continue to search the clear depths of the crystal, I see the Editor's Office of the Atlantic Monthly, where H. Fenske, the editor, is discussing with F. Dattlesweig, a friend, a new book written by their former classmate, F. Howell, and published by Schneider and Schryver, New York publishers.

Next I behold a chicken farm of great extent. The owner of the farm and of several thousand chickens appears, and I recognize L. McFarland, who has become wealthy through the discovery of a substance, which, when mixed with chicken feed, makes hens lay two eggs daily.

Now I see a tall dignified man with golden red hair. He enters the state capital at Nebraska, and seats himself in the governor's chair. Viewing him more closely I find he is W. Readdy.

This vision is replaced by another which shows a room at the University of Chicago. Here in the Professor of Physics, I recognize B. Spens, who is demonstrating before his class a perpetual motion machine which, with the aid of J. O'Keefe, he has invented.

The crystal ball next shows me Messrs. Allen and Hough, on their way to Europe to inspect a new bridge constructed by P. Canizzo. A quick change presents V. Costales, a prominent modiste, who surpasses the best Parisiennes, and after him R. Driscoll, the dean of men at the University of Illinois, where he is liked and respected by all the students.

As this last scene vanishes, the magic light that surrounded the crystal ball disappears. I am suddenly aroused by the alarm clock, and I find myself still seated in my chair at six o'clock in the morning.

SOL. LUBELSKY.

SENIOR WILL—DAY

Hear Ye!

We, the graduating class of '25 of Central Preparatory School, being of sound and disposing mind and realizing that the fate of all Seniors is drawing nigh, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament

To the school we leave the hope that it will ever continue to turn out scholars from its great halls of learning.

To the Freshmen we leave two more years of bright and joyous play before they take up the solemn duties of Senior.

To the Juniors, the forthcoming Seniors, we leave the trials and tribulations of the senior year. To them we also leave our beautiful LaSalle Street campus. Let them guard it as a cherished possession for upon its paths and byways may only Seniors walk.

To the Faculty we leave our sincere thanks and appreciation for what they have taught us, for the task has been an arduous one.

To Mr. Wing we leave a secret method of catching all those ditching assemblies and cutting classes.

To Mr. Webber, we leave a new voice. At the present rate of usage, we are afraid the one which he now has will soon wear out.

To Mr. Casner we leave a class of supermen who will have at least passed out of a semi-savage state.

To Mr. Marsh we leave one hundred thermometers to replace all those broken in the physics classes during the past year.

To Mr. MacGuidwin we leave a complete French textbook for use in his classes next year, thus saving him extra work encountered in the use of the present text.

To Mr. Seney we leave one full and complete class of American History students who will always look up all reference work.

To Mr. Wilson and Mr. Eaton we leave study halls in which there will be no whispering, talking, newspaper reading, etc.—nothing but studying.

To Mr. Davis we leave a baton for use when he conducts singing at assemblies.

To Mr. Marr we leave the duties of advisor to next year's Senior class.

To Miss Ralston we leave our sincere thanks for the many little favors, such as looking up marks before report cards are out, etc., which she has always so willingly done for us. We also leave her a helper for this work.

To Slim we leave a permanent helper. We think he works too hard now.

To each of the girls in the Office we leave a five pound box of candy.

To the students of the School we leave a one hour lunch period, a lounge and smoking room and more holidays.

Adam Slaw leaves his place on the Honor Roll to whoever is capable of filling it.

Gobczynski leaves his mustache to McCredie.

Brundage and Kaplan leave their ghosts to sing and play at assemblies.

Literary

Readdy, Hartney, and Garth turn over the Ditchers Club to its next corps of officers.

Fred Dattelsweig leaves the trials of plane geometry to whoever wants them.

Tony Alderson leaves his pipe to whoever is strong enough to smoke it.

Lightel leaves his sincerity to whoever sees fit to use it best.

John Sweetman leaves his zeal for matching high hat check to whoever is lucky.

Claude Smith leaves his good natured personality to be used on rainy days

Speira, Crosby, Penkala, and Feldthouse leave their quiet natures to those who are inclined to be loud.

Lilyfors leaves his shovel to Lancaster.

Harney leaves his playful nature to whoever will take it.

Howell leaves his selection of ties to the highest bidder.

Alex Wilson leaves a perfectly good Trig book to whoever does not want to buy a new one.

Burkhart, Ellison, Levitus, Moreland, O'Keefe, Olson, and Pareira, our own sheiks, leave a string of girls telephone numbers to the sheiks of the Junior class.

Our possessions having been thus disposed of, this instrument is hereby sworn to and signed.

THE CLASS OF 1925

This instrument has been signed, published and declared by the above testator, THE CLASS OF 1925, to be its last will and testament in the presence of me who at its request have affixed my name hereto as witness

Your humble servant,

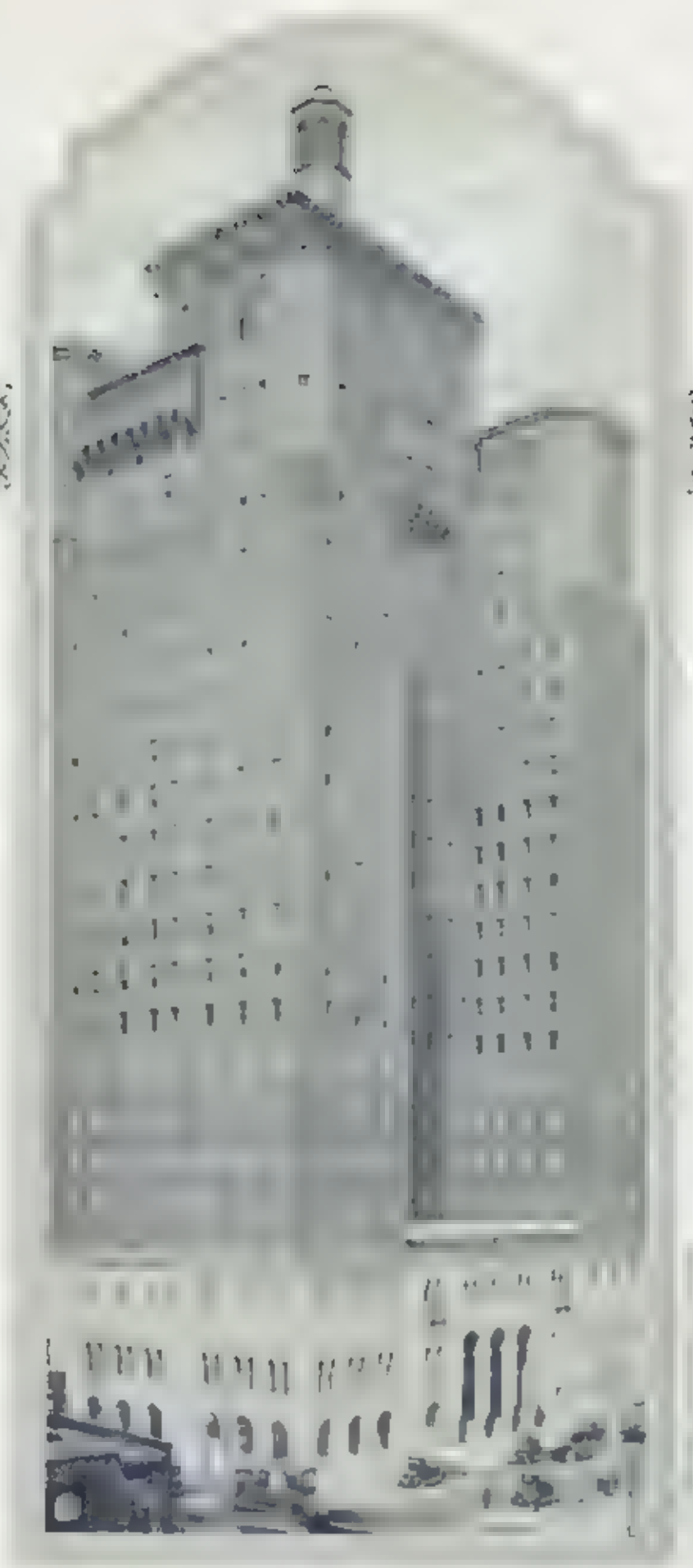
D. J. TERBORGH

A SYMPHONY AND A DREAM

I walked along the beach one night
And called out to the tireless waves
To play for me a symphony;
And lo! they ran their fingers o'er
The chords that bind our hearts, and sang of you.
I asked the dozing sands of whom they dreamed.
"Our dream," said they, "is but a memory
Of eyes that laughed, of ears that understood,
Of tiny feet, carressing, as they trod
Upon the hearts of poets in the sand."

The wonder of it filled my soul,
And joyfully I thanked the gods
For you, the Maker of my Fate,
Beloved Captor of my Soul.

ROBERT EMMET MOORE



Activities



THE FIRST ANNUAL DAY SCHOOL PROM

The original idea of an annual prom in the Day School was first introduced as a motion in one of the early meetings of the present Junior Class. This proposal was enthusiastically accepted by a unanimous vote of the Juniors, and a Junior Prom Committee was immediately formed. Earle Smith, Stanley Kuhns, and William Morgan were selected to assist the class officers in the furtherance of this social event.

After careful deliberation, the faculty suggested that the Junior Committee present its plan to the Senior and Freshman Classes in order to determine more definitely the general feeling in regard to it. The final result of this class inquiry was an agreement between the Senior and Junior Classes whereby the proposed dance was to be organized as a Junior Senior Prom. By the time a definite joint committee had been formed, the fall semester was nearing its close. The evening of January 31st was agreed upon as the most suitable time at which to hold the dance. After considering the matter carefully, the Committee chose the Blue Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel Annex as the most satisfactory floor. A six piece orchestra was engaged to furnish music for the occasion. The bids were then placed on sale.

The students of Central Day Prep should be commended for the prompt manner in which they insured the success of their First Annual Prom. Coupled with the sympathetic support of Central Evening Prep, the dance proved an exceedingly popular affair, with receipts safely in excess of expenses.

It is hoped that the students of '26 will take a healthy interest in outdoing the fine precedent set them by the fellows who in 1925 established a new social event in the history of Central Day Prep.

KEN. S. CRABS

THE JUNIOR PROM

The Junior Prom of the Central Evening Preparatory School, held on the twenty fifth of April in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel La Salle, was one of the most successful functions in the annals of the School.

The students of the Junior Class each year promote a Senior Reception because of its traditional value. In years past the school spirit has been more and more behind the Prom, until, by the overwhelming interest of this year's classes, the Junior Prom was launched with assurance of the greatest success yet.

The entertainment was excellent, consisting chiefly of solos and duets of both popular and semi-classical pieces. Probably the music most enjoyed was that furnished by the orchestra, the main constituent of the evening's program.

The Junior Prom of '25 had the largest attendance of any previous promenade or activity promoted by the student body. Students from every class and division of the School were present and enjoying themselves.

The Juniors need not ask that the Prom of '25 be remembered, for it has been ingrained in the memory of the many that attended. The Junior Prom Committee of '25 extends to the coming sponsors its wishes for an equally successful occasion.

F. O. ROUNDS

THE INTER-CLASS MIXER

IT WAS the Mixiest Mixer that ever rocked and strained the iron beams and structures of old Central. The noise mounted on and on with increased fervor and sifted its way upward through the many walls and floors of Central's building.

Slowly but eagerly the "mixers" filed into the auditorium and gradually filled it to overflowing. New men wondered what it was all about, old men were in readiness for the biggest time of the year.

First was the "Mixer" contest starting off the rumble and roar that was to last throughout the evening. Then dinner was served to the howling multitude midst songs, cheering, and mixing.

When the few speeches, made during the breathing spells of the yelling crowd, were over the entertainment started, lulling the audience into a state of quietude and eager anticipation. The Dramatic Club presented 'The Moonshiner,' a one act play. Jim Dunn and the 'Moonshiner' gave a bit of clever acting and their work carried off the 'Mixer' entertainment honors. The Senior skit, 'Safety Razors First,' with the black face twins bringing out laugh after laugh, came a close second for the trophy. The Junior Class with its 'Libretto and Score,' and also scenery, lifted the tunes of the opera to those of the bowery. The Sophomores with their jokesters brought lips to a snile. The Lincoln Club enacted a bit of the future called 'Will It Ever Be Thus?'

The night was a glorious one, with sincere and earnest friendliness surging through each and everyone. It was a night of noise, but the noise of school spirit and bubbling happiness for the meeting of many new friends.

JOHN W. ERICKSON.

INTER-CLASS DEBATES

It is the custom of the Central Day Preparatory School to hold an inter-class debate annually. There are three classes, the Seniors, Juniors, and Freshmen, with Mr. Marr, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Seney, respectively, acting as class advisors. These advisors, with the co-operation of their classes, chose the following subject for debate: "Resolved, That the Child Labor Amendment, Now Pending Before the States, Should Be Ratified."

The Seniors chose the negative side of the question, and after a class elimination contest had been held selected Walter Otto, John Owen, Gregory Varonis, and Boles Gobjczynski (alternative) to oppose the Juniors.

The latter's team was composed of the following men: Albert Johnson, Michael Wasick, and Leonard H. Greatwood, with Leonard Bergstrom for the alternative.

Thursday, March 19th, 1925, found these two forces arrayed against each other, and when the contest was finished the Seniors emerged from the battle victorious.

Shortly after their victory, they found themselves exerting every effort to maintain their honors against the selected forces of the freshman team, which consisted of Ralph Woodfield, Albert Hammer, Herbert Lacey, and Albert Fox (alternative). The Seniors, however, with their years of experience knew the art better than their opponents and won the supreme title.

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE EVENING SCHOOL TO THE FEBRUARY GRADUATES

Graduating Seniors and Friends:

When the class of 1925 entered the Central halls as freshmen, the student body was only half the size it is today. More remarkable than this doubling of enrollment is the development of a School Spirit manifesting itself in student activities. These activities have increased from a few assemblies to the successful management and carrying out of an Annual Banquet, a Prom, and the publication of the *Kentralite*, each year outdoing the achievements of the year before. Debating and dramatics clubs have been organized and plans are under way for inter-schools debating and athletics.

All these have been made possible because of the co-operation of the graduating class and its desire to build a real school spirit.

On behalf of the officers of the class I want to thank you Seniors for the loyal support given and also to congratulate you upon the success of your graduation exercises, the responsibility of arranging and managing of which rested entirely upon yourselves.

On behalf of the remaining student body, whom you have inspired to do even greater things in school activities, I desire to extend best wishes to carry on through the higher institutions of learning, for we know that your graduation here is the completion of only a part of your preparation for the life work which you have chosen.

We hope that, if at some future date a census is taken of this class, it will be found that everyone has reached the goal he has set for himself, be it ever so high. In the struggle to reach it we know that you will always be a credit to the institution from which you are graduating.

H. H. BOETTCHER

Debating Teams

Day



Varonis
Otto
Gobczynski
Owen



Berdston
Grealwood
Wask



STATE OF ILLINOIS VS. STEPHEN VARGO

"Oyez, Oyez, The Honorable Criminal Court of the Lincoln Club is now open." These were the words, spoken by Sheriff Howard T. Mason, which opened the Lincoln Club Criminal Court on December 4th, 1924. First case was the People of Illinois vs. Stephen Vargo, criminally indicting Stephen Vargo for assault and battery with intent to kill his opponent, John Stih, in a debate held in the Auditorium of the Central Preparatory School.

Interest in the courtroom was keen as the prosecuting attorneys, Herbert Boettcher and Leo J. Bartolini, proceeded to address the judge on having the prisoner hear his arraignment. The attorneys for the defendant, Wm. Patenik and Earl Santelman, questioned the validity of the indictment but were overruled by the Honorable J. W. Milne, Judge of the Court.

The prisoner pleaded "not guilty," the attorneys were asked if they were ready, and the trial began.

Thirteen jurymen were called, one dismissed and the remaining twelve were sworn in.

The prosecution made its formal statement to the jury endeavoring to indict the prisoner of assault and battery with intent to kill John Stih. The defense followed that the defendant, Stephen Vargo, did not strike the first blow and so fought and assaulted John Stih in self defense. The courtroom fans gasped as heated arguments were propounded in trying to make the jury see the defendant in the light of saint or sinner.

The witnesses were students who were present at the debate. These students were questioned, questioned some more, and cross questioned by the attorneys of both sides. Time and time again the defense jumped up shouting, "Your Honor, we object." Truly formal questions and cross questions were put to the witnesses but some were so frightened or mixed up that their answers at times were somewhat hazy, making it necessary to ask the same questions in a different manner.

Attorney Boettcher of the prosecution then made his final speech to the judge and jury, reviewing the evidence presented by the prosecution and showing loop holes that were not covered by the defense. His arguments were so logical and his philosophy so masterly, that it seemed as though there could not be a chance for the prisoner to escape the full penalty provided by the law. The jurymen swayed in their seats and followed the course of his arguments so closely that when he told them of their responsibilities in meting out justice for the People of Illinois the jury became very grave and worried. He concluded his argument with pointing an accusing finger at the prisoner, which made him shrink and cringe under the accusation.

Attorney Earl Santelman then came forward for the defense. He spoke in a slow, distinct voice explaining the different situations of the night attack. He told them that all three of the men on the defendant's side were weary from overwork and had been nervous during the debate so that, even though the decision were rendered by vote of the assembly, they felt that, because they had done their share, they were victors. Consequently when the usual handshaking of the teams was taking place John Stih ran up to the defendant, Stephen Vargo, and hit him. Attorney Santelman went on to explain that it was not a case of assault and battery but merely a case of self-defense.

Now it seemed as if the decision would be in favor of the defense and after his final statement Attorney Patenik took the floor and refuted the

arguments of the prosecution so well that it seemed that there was not a chance of convicting the man. He told the jury that the prosecution had endeavored to try a man who was not guilty and that the prisoner, instead of being the type of man who would attack any one, was one that would refrain from doing any physical harm. On the other hand he painted John Stih as a criminal and told of his associations in business and home life.

Then Prosecuting Attorney Bartolini, with a look of determination on his face, rose and made his stand before the jury box. "Never before in the history of this community has there been a crime of such a serious nature as this one," thus Bartolini began his final plea to the jury. He argued, he pleaded, he quoted cases and authorities, he persuaded, he talked logic, he stamped his feet and he wrung his hands, holding the jury spellbound. Things looked much better for the prosecution as Bartolini concluded his appeal by saying, "So gentlemen of the jury, in the name of justice, I ask that you give this man the full penalty of the law."

The jury retired, returning after the lapse of thirty minutes with the decision that Stephen Vargo was guilty of assault and battery but not with the intent to kill, sentencing him to thirty days in jail.

LEO J. BARTOLINI

FEBRUARY SENIOR THEATRE PARTY

King's famous dining room—a banquet table laid for thirty Seniors—Mount on looming above the party with his excess avoirdupois—Erickson and Falasz presenting a bizarre rendition of the latest, yes, the very latest musical selections—Eslus pounding a puissant piano in shivering crescendo—then, none other than that distinguished member of the faculty, Frederick William McClusky, giving voice and tune to street songs of the Bowery as he heard them on the sidewalks of New York—encores for Mr. McClusky—applause from the rest of the dining room patrons who can see not but hear much.

"Pass the olives, Bimbo"—roast chicken, scalloped potatoes and savory sundries—Eslus is off again—everybody's singing now—"Oh, Mister Gal-laher" "Last Night on the Back Porch" "Oh, the Bowery, the Bowery," "I Want a Girl, Just Like the Girl"—The Four Horsemen cutting up—Rounds making love to his brother berserker, Klein—Duel and Kelleher engaging in an ice cream consuming contest—balloons red balloons blue balloons, process of inflating balloons, process of deflating balloons by application of salad forks—speech by Boettcher—standing vote of thanks—Faliasz and flashlight, Erickson and a camera—Boom!

Party retires to the Adelphi Theatre to see Lowell Sherman in "High Stakes"—loop natives startled by tribe of savages snake dancing—savages storm Adelphi and seize first two rows center, balcony—savages engage in lowering barrage of party caps and balloons upon innocent bald pates and bare backs below.

Play starts—savages sit entranced as one of the finest dramatic offerings of the theatrical year unfolds—hero saves day—party piles out on Clark Street—some leave while others proceed to Berghoff's for a liver sausage sandwich and a stem of root beer—party again going strong—party winds up with vociferation and leavetaking. What a memorable night! Such was the February Senior Theatre Party.

ROBERT F. KELLEHER.

INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL AND BASEBALL

Our gymnasium class met for the first time on September 8, 1924. At 2:45 p. m. thirty husky youths standing at attention, were told "what was what" by Mr. Trangenstein, our physical director. Throughout both semesters his orders have been obeyed. The class meets three times a week and regular attendance is required of the members.

The first six weeks of the fall semester were spent in gymnastics. Then the various teams were organized and inter class basketball was begun. Orr was chosen to represent the Freshman Class, Tursman, the Juniors, and Owen the Seniors. The Seniors won the honors in basketball, playing the whole series without a single defeat.

Immediately following the final game of basketball, inter class baseball was started. The first series of games resulted in a triple tie but in the second series the Seniors defeated both the Freshmen and the Juniors, and were proclaimed champions.

Although the Seniors were winners in both basketball and baseball, there is another team which merits recognition. Tursman's Juniors, though handicapped in number, were a well organized team and were hard fighters. Their playing set forth the principles taught by our instructor, that is: "Play to win but play fair." Winsor and Kelly were the outstanding Junior stars in basketball. Both men will be able defenders of the Senior honors for the coming season.

The Freshman Class was well represented by such men as Penovich, Netter and Orr. These players with two more years of careful training under Mr. Trangenstein, will develop into leaders in high school athletics.

FIELD DAY

Central Day School's Outdoor Track Meet was held on Friday, May 16th, 1924. It was an ideal day and the promoters were gratified and pleased at the number of participants in the races and various events.

In Class A, men over 135 pounds, Baxter Moody was winner, scoring 21 points. Moody took first place in the 100 yard dash, time 10 3/5 seconds, first place in the high jump, height 5 feet 4 inches, and first place in the running broad jump, distance 19 feet.

John Brongiel won second place in Class A, taking first place in both the mile and half mile run, and scoring 16 points.

In Class B, men under 135 pounds, competition was keen and each event was hard fought. Albert Winsor was winner in Class B, scoring 20 points and taking first place in the 100 yard dash and shot put, two second places, and tying for first place in the high jump.

Donald Tursman was second high point man in Class B, scoring 17 points.

Gold medals were awarded to winners of each class.

After the events had been staged exciting indoor baseball games were played. The first game, between the Faculty and Seniors, resulted in a defeat for the Faculty, the second game, between the Juniors and Freshmen, ended in a victory for the Freshmen. Then the championship game was staged in which the Freshmen easily defeated the Seniors.

The Freshmen were awarded blue ribbons for their victories.



Lubelsky
Cosmo
Peterson
Bell

Tursman
Lucas
Fiorito
McCreddie





CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM

Top Row: I. Beyer, M. Warshauer, H. Sperling
 Bottom Row: N. Rosenberg, H. Schraeder, A. Rosenfeld

ATHLETIC COMMISSION

The Athletic Commission of the Central Evening High School was formed February 20th, 1925. Mr. Stih was appointed temporary chairman and called the meeting to order. Balots were cast to determine the Commissioner of Athletics. The leading candidates were Carlton Jacobson and Charles Bedig, and on the third ballot Mr. Jacobson was elected commissioner. Chairmen were then elected to represent the various classes as follows: J. Matheson, Senior Class; C. Bedig, Junior Class; A. Ahlgrim, Sophomore Class, and M. Warshauer, Freshman Class.

The preliminaries in basketball were played on April 4th. The Freshmen overwhelmed the Sophomores 12 to 2, and in the second game the Seniors won a close game from the Junior team, 15 to 12. The finals for the championship were played the following Saturday and the Freshmen beat the Seniors for the title by the score of 9 to 7. The Junior-Sophomore tilt was won by the latter, 8 to 7.

The swimming meet held on April 17th was captured easily by the Seniors with 46 points. The Juniors scored 21 points and 8 points were scored by the Sophomores. The bulk of the scoring was done by Colburn with 11 points, Grossman with 10 points, and both Collora and Peterson with 9 points. Grossman, the Junior's star swimmer, won the 44 yard free style race in 24 1-5. This was the only first place the Seniors failed to win. Collora won the fancy diving event with three excellent dives. Peterson won the 44 yard breast-stroke in 33 3-5. It was a close race and in the second heat the four entrants were tied for half the distance, then Peterson gradually drew away from the field and won the race by about two yards.

J. MATHESON.



Back Row: Fred DeCordova, Burt Peterson, Harold Netter
Front Row: Kyo Iwasa, Jack Owen

INDOOR TRACK AND FIELD MEET

During the fall semester it was planned to hold an indoor track meet. January 10th, 1925 was set as the day. The co operation of the Faculty and students assured its success. Rules and events were drawn up by our competent athletic instructor, Mr. Tringenstein, and notices were posted on the bulletin board of the coming event. The students who always respond whole heartedly to all activities of the School did not fail us here. Accordingly the highest expectations of the hard-working promoters were fulfilled. The events were divided into two classes namely, Class A for students of 125 pounds or over and Class B for those under 125 pounds. Contestants were allowed to enter in only four events.

On the day set for the big meet, afternoon classes were shortened and a great many persons, including the Faculty, attended as spectators.

In Class A the winners were as follows: 100 yard dash—Owen, first, time 11 4/5 seconds. Fiorito, second, Winsor and Palmer, third, and Tursman, fourth. Half mile run—Owen first, time 2 minutes 16 3/5 seconds. Winsor, second, Fiorito, third, Lubelsky, fourth and Anderburg, fifth. Standing broad jump—Owen first distance 8 feet 3 1/4 inches, Tursman, second, Fiorito third, Palmer, fourth and Winsor, fifth. Spring board high jump—Penovich, first, height, 6 feet 5 inches, Tursman second, Olson and Owen third, and Anderburg, fourth. Shot put—Sweetman first, distance, 26 feet 9 inches. Fiorito Tursman, Cosme and Goudy placing in the order named.

Owen easily scored the most points in Class A, making 17 1/2 points. Fiorito made 14 points. Tursman 12 points, Winsor 7 1/2 points and Penovich 5 points.

In Class B, the winners were as follows: 440 yard run—Netter first, time, 1 minute 5 2/3 seconds, McCredie, second. De Cordova third, Dagger, fourth, and Dobbie, fifth. 75 yard dash—Peterson and De Cordova tied for first place, time 10 1/5 seconds, Dagger and Orr placing. Pull up—Anderson, first, chinning himself 14 times, Noonan, second, and Orr, third.

Standing broad jump—De Cordova, first, distance, 7 feet 3 inches, Peterson and McCredie tied for second place, Noonan and Hicklin placing. Spring board high jump—Netter, first, height, 6 feet, Dagger and De Cordova, second, Noonan and McCredie placing.

Those scoring points were De Cordova 16 points, Netter 10 points, McCredie 9 points, Dagger 8.5 points, and Peterson 8 points.

The Freshmen easily came out on top, scoring a total of 76.5 points. The Juniors scored 44.5 points and the Seniors 35 points.

Gold medals were awarded to Owen, high point man in Class A, and to De Cordova, high point man in Class B. Blue ribbons were awarded to winners of each event.

L. C. ANDERSON

EVENING SCHOOL YEAR DIARY

1924

September 3—Members of Student Council are seen with badges promenading decks of Central. Several old timers are noticed with bristles perpendicular and tangent to upper lips.

October 1—Meetings of all classes are held for election of officers and class organization.

November 3—Jack Falasz starts cutting classes again.

November 5—Class meeting periods are given for further development of class activities.

November 27—Thanksgiving Day which means nothing to evening school students.

December 6—The noisiest night of the school year with no exceptions—'The Inter-Class Mixer.'

December 11—Registration for another semester of study begins. Seniors checking up on credits.

December 17—Third Senior class meeting. Several unfortunates receive committee jobs.

December 21—Beginning of Christmas recess. Everyone resolves to make up back studying.

1925

January 3—Holiday vacation over. Nothing accomplished in the way of studying. Mustache club now looks more natural.

January 7—Fourth Senior class meeting. Old committees finished with work, but you can't hold Herb Boettcher down; he forms new ones.

January 17—Senior Theatre Party for February graduates' dinner at King's, show at Adelphi, and sandwiches at Berghoff's downed with a foamy beverage.

Diary

Evening

January 27—Class night for February graduates—the first ever held in Central. Dramatic Club presents "A Successful Calamity" in conjunction with the graduating class.

January 28—Final examinations and no shortage of exam books to help us out.

January 29—Commencement exercises for the February class.

January 30—Still more finals.

February 2—End of registration period. Now for work—WORK WORK! Who among us hasn't made this resolution at the beginning of each semester?

March 23—General class meetings. More committees than there are students in Central.

April 1—Conrad slips one over. Gives test in physics class. Sixth senior class meeting.

April 11—Freshmen win inter-scholastic basketball championship by trouncing seniors. Some freshmen!

April 13—Mid-semester exams for some of us.

April 15—Mid-semester exams for the rest of us.

April 17—Seniors win swimming meet. Freshmen last with no entries.

April 20—Prom committee worried over expenses.

April 24—Ferd Rounds' mustache quivers with excitement. Prom tomorrow night and expenses all covered.

April 25—The Junior Prom of '25—the biggest and most successful enterprise ever given by the students of Central.

May 4—Howard Mason purchases yellow slucker, bringing collegiate fashions to campus.

May 6—Boettcher studies his geometry.

May 23—Senior Theatre Party for June and August graduates—dinner at King's, local talent, a comedy drama, and supper at Berghoff's in that old, old way.

June 12—Finals all night long. Much is wasted by everyone in exam books and in ink.

June 14—Baccalaureate services for those who will soon leave us.

June 15—The last of the finals. Halls are crowded with wise students telling how they answered this and how you should have answered that.

June 17—Class night. Seniors present "The Seven Keys to Baldpate," a mysterious comedy. God bless 'em! Let them have their fun.

June 19—Commencement night. Four years for their hunk of paper. The Class of '25 have gone. Goodbye! Good Luck!

Snapshots





Humor

ANSHUNT HISTORY

"In Egypt, with the voluptuous queen, Cleopatra, Caesar wasted a few months; but he atoned for this delay by swift prosecution of the war in Asia against the son of Mithridates."—West's "World Progress."

Caesar—"Cleo, old girl, it's been all kinds of fun seeing you but I gotta be going. Sorry to have to leave but that upstart son of Mithridates is stirrin' things up in Asia something awful."

Cleopatra—"Aw, Caesie, boy, you can't leave just now. I've so many things planned. My ballet master has been workin' the legs off'n the girls an' tomorrow night they're gonna do their stuff in the onyx room an' you just gotta stay an' see them. An' the next day we're gonna fish for carp. The Nile, you know, is the world's greatest carp stream. An' the day after that we're gonna do the Pyramids. You can't expect to hold up your end at home if you don't see them, you know. And the next day I gotta surprise. No, Caesie, you can't run away like that."

Caesar—"But, Kid, I gotta fix this thing in Asia an' then make a beeline for Rome. Got something terrible important to do."

Cleopatra—"Aw, g'wan, tell. I know I'm only a weak, lone woman. Nothing at all compared to a big, strong, smart man like you, but mebbe I can help. G'wan, tell."

Caesar—"Well—you see, it's about my hair. A feller in Rome had been working on it for some time and just when the results should have come out, along came this stupid war an' gummed up the works. An' now I—"

Cleopatra—"Oh, for the cryin' out loud. Now you wanna leave me for some moth-eaten hairdresser in Rome. An' me with the greatest little hairdresser there ever was, right here in the palace. Listen, boy friend, this guy can make hair grow on a mummy."

Caesar—"Really?"

Cleopatra—"Honest an' truly. I'll send han around in the morning an' in a couple of months you'll have such a flock of attalla that you'll have to buy yourself a new chapeau. An' that's no applesauce."

Caesar—"Honest? Cross your heart an' hope to die?"

Cleopatra—"Surest thing you know. Stick around. Besides you've been workin' awf'ly hard lately an' need a rest. Stick around."

Caesar—"Well—I do need a rest, but if this feller is a foul ball, well—nobody's kidded Caesar yet an' lived. Now let's eat. Them cross-word puzzles make me hungry."

H. B. SCHEIDEMANTEL.

Salesmanship Student: "Young lawyers are a necessity."

Law Student: "Why?"

S. S.: "Because necessity knows no law."

L. S.: "Very clever, but young salesmen are the most independent people in the world."

S. S.: "How come?"

L. S.: "They take orders from no one."

Humor

"Centralitis"

Physicians inform us of a new disease, namely Centralitis. It is a very peculiar disease affecting only students of the Central Prep School. All students are susceptible but only a few get a severe attack. Infection takes place in the fall through intimate contact with student activities. The symptoms are: a sudden retiring nature and a slight delinquency in studies and a mania for collecting numerous queer books of odd colors and in various stages of mutilation. The sufferer in delirium can be heard muttering such words as "Diamond D," "Mable Sykes," "Moco" and "Tip ins."

The disease when concentrated makes necessary the cutting of classes, and in extreme cases, dropping of subjects or flunking altogether. These poor unfortunates become lean and worn, and show the effects of much labor, worry, and lack of sleep. Their associates and even their immediate families consider them boresome because they rave constantly of their troubles and worries. Profs sadly shake their heads on seeing them.

In late spring, however, just when it seems as if these victims may be lost to us altogether, they take a new hold on life and get over it; but they are never the same.

The Hi-Y Club

The smoothest and deadliest group of honorable students that ever trod the musty halls of Central was the old Hi-Y. Soft but thick of mind, hard of head but thin of hair, small in stature but flabby of body, with plenty of grit but little of money, they clumsily propagated their four ideals: Foul Speech, Dirty Habits, Punk Scholarship, and Bum Sports.

Clad in checked caps, jerseys, corduroy pants, bull dog button shoes, and porous knit underwear, they socked their way into the hearts of all. Peepers were blackened, nostrils caved in, molars knocked out, blood spilled, and students discouraged by their overwhelming friendliness and smashing ways. Never before did a group become so permanently felt.

Many a student can testify to their worthlessness and their being the cause of his downfall.

History Teacher: "Say, Cohn, is somebody prompting you?"

Cohn: "No, sir, history repeats itself."

* * *

Miss Wagner: "I'm thinking seriously of taking up some sport. What would you suggest?"

Miss Blesse: "Here comes one. I'll introduce you."

* * *

Mr. Webber: "Schwabadissen, what's the shape of the earth?"

Schwabadissen: "It's round."

Mr. Webber: "How do you know it's round?"

Schwabadissen: "Well, it's square then; I don't want to start an argument about it."

The Disgusted He-Man

A fellow has the hardest time
 To get a girl today,
 Unless he's what they call a sheik,
 And then they come his way.
 The flappers all go wild for him,
 I just can't understand,
 They see a dandy on the screen
 And sigh, "Oh! Ain't he grand?"
 You think they'd fall for he-man stuff,
 A guy who kills to save,
 And finds a damsel in distress
 Who tells him he's "so brave."
 That stuff's all in the movies now:
 You'll never find it true.
 I guess I'll have to change my ways
 And be a dumb sheik too

ARMUND J. SCHOEN

* * *

New Student: "Are there any musical organizations in this school?"

Zeiss: "No, but the orchestra plays once in a while."

* * *

Very Short Story

Woman hater, smart girl. Flattery, dim lights. Spring moonshine. Reversed opinion. Smart girl. Wedding bells.

* * *

The latest from the Athletic Commissioner is that Central is to have a Cross Word Puzzle Team.

* * *

When I was a kid I thought that everybody who carried a brief-case was a lawyer.

* * *

Enrollment Blank

Born?—Yes; once.
 Married or single?—Have been both.
 Voice?—Weak.
 Hair?—Thin.
 Health?—Sometimes.
 Previous experience?—Plenty.
 Where?—Different places.
 Business?—Rotten.
 Salary expected?—More.

An Excuse

I am short, but heady.
 Head, but stout,
 Stout, but happy.
 Happy, but poor,
 Poor, because stout,
 Stout, because happy,
 Happy, because heady.

Humor



SILLY SONNETS

Those Flunking Blues

My teachers said they'd get me through,
But now I have my fears,
Oh yes, they said they'd get me through,
But it may take several years.

And often when I try in vain,
To see the end ahead,
I wonder if they'll get me through,
Sometime before I'm dead.

Then, Oh, those flunking blues!
When teacher breaks the news,
I sit around and sigh,
"Oh, Luck you've passed me by

* * *

In the Latin Class

Where is the student swell of head
Who never to himself hath said,
"My kingdom for a horse?"

* * *

"Mother may I go out tonight?"
"Why, no my darling Lill,
Father and I go out tonight,
And you must watch the still."

Self-defense

I killed him Judge;
He killed me first.
He drove me mad.
What could be worse?

He killed my son,
The dirty curse!
I killed him Judge.
He did me worse.

* * *

Found in a Text-book

If there should be another flood
Hither to this refuge fly:
Tho all the wide world be wet,
This book would still be dry.

* * *

My Pony

When all my thoughts are thunk,
And all my winks are wunk,
What saves me from a flunk?
My pony!

* * *

When a goat is right behind you
It's no time to lace your shoe.



Mulligan: Duck! Duck!
Casey: Duck nothing. Geese.

* * *

Y's Owls

This organization was founded by victims of insomnia, who meet after school at Raklios. They chose this place to show that we patronize our advertisers and also because the campus cateteria would not stay open after midnight. While feasting on hamburger sandwiches and "pie ally" the members, who comprise would-be debaters, actors, musicians and notables from the "Mustache Club," The Order of Flunks, and the Four Horsemen, cook up the fanatical schemes which make the students dig. The Y's Owls have the reputation of not coming home the same day they go out.

* * *

The Protective Order of Flunks

This order has a larger membership than you may think. They don't wear pins or badges and don't go around bragging about their affiliation. The organization has for its pass-word "Misery loves company" and for its motto, "If at first you don't succeed, take it over."

We have it from confidential sources that the membership will be greatly increased in June.

"Your Prof. Can Make You a Member."

* * *

One Date a Week Club

Membership made so not from choice, but from dire necessity.

* * *

The Boy Graduate

How many times can a fellow graduate from the same school? Ask Kritzke. He knows.

Humor

Y's Krax

The point of a pen is as important as the ink.

Pain is positive, pleasure is negative. Which can you actually feel the most, a good time or a tooth-ache?

Who called it "plane" geometry?

* * *

Who was it nicknamed the council the "student scoundrels?"

* * *

"Lot's wife had nothing on me," said the convict, as he turned to a pile of stone.

* * *

Famous Sayings: They shall not pass.—The Faculty.

* * *

Before taking English Lit., I thought all men who did "hack work" were cab drivers.

* * *

Y's We Don't Understand

Y the teacher invariably asks our neighbor the question we could answer in fine style.

Y the teacher invariably asks us the question we know least about.

Y the teacher permits some eggs to take up so much time with irrelevant questions.

Y such goofs acquire such nice prom girls.

Y such nice girls dance so rotten.

Y it is that a fellow never realizes the necessity of study until he sees the exam questions.

Y it is that students and profs are always broke.

Y it is that some guys always think they are smarter than the teachers.

Y the traffic cops always blow the whistle when you are half-way across.

* * *

Advice to the Study-worn

1. Don't forget: the size of the brief case does not indicate the intellect of its carrier.—McClusky.

2. Spend a few hours each night and you'll come out all right.—Milne.

3. Assignments are to be looked over, and not overlooked.—Bloxom.

4. Remember, all things being equal, the one who studies most is bound to receive the highest grade.—Marr.

5. Too many "cuts" will bleed any student's average.—Hawkins.

6. You can lead a student to his studies, but you can't make him think.—Davis.

7. My kingdom for a horse! Suppose you got one. It would not carry you thru Caesar anyway.—Eaton.

8. Little thinking results in little things.—Webber.

* * *

Bedig: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Morm: "I'd get a new pair."

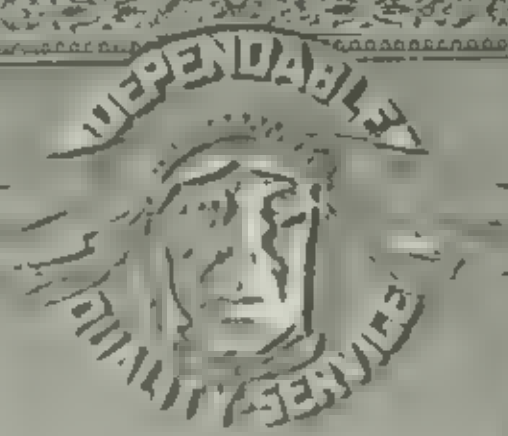
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Snapshots







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Nielsen "Hooray, the prof said we'd have an exam today rain or shine"
Harney "Well?"
Nielsen "It's snowing!"

* * *

Guy Who Says:

"Crazy Day, you!"
"Hot Number, boy!"
"Oh, Geometry's easy!"
"They're off!"
(In a high pitched voice) "Coo-coo!"
"Lem'me take a nickel for gym will ya?"
"Ya? So's your old man!"
"This is my tenth Arctic Sweetheart!"
"Mutch ya' low check?"
"Big hearted ho!"
"Lem'me see that problem!"
"Have I got the swell radio, tho, boy!"
"Well, I gotta get studyin'!"
"Tha's a fact, you!"
"Do I look like a Collar Ad, tho!"
"Dear! I've gained a pound!"
"Got your algebra?"
(After you've cracked a good joke) "Well, go on!"
Ought ta be annihilated—Gr—r—rr!

* * *

General Science Prof.: "Hydrogen is the lightest known element, but a vacuum is lighter than any element."

Bright Freshie: "I wonder why they don't fill balloon bags full of vacuum, then."

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Mr. Wilson (in Solid Geometry): "What is the converse of a proposition?"
Silence

Mr. Wilson "Come, now, supposing that a first semester student asked you that question, would you tell him you didn't know?"

Wentrich "No, I'd tell him I didn't care to converse with him on the subject"

* * *

Ferdell to Herb: "Let's put our heads together and pave the street."

* * *

Pedestrian (to traffic cop) "There must be trouble on La Salle Street
A crowd is rushing that way

Cop "No, those are students trying to make their first class on time."

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"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the irate professor of the class

"No," came back the answer in a chorus.

"Well," insisted the professor, "What else is there in the room to laugh at?"

* * *

Bartolmi: "Were you cool when you got up to speak?"

Van Emden: "You bet! I fairly shivered."

* * *

Instructor: "Write your outlines so that the most ignorant person can understand them."

Santelman (naively): "Which part can't you understand, sir?"

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Bedig: "Do you know that fellow over there?"

Brodi: "Sure. He sleeps next to me in Geometry."

* * *

Porter: "I passed my exams with ease."

Owens: "E's? What low marks!"

* * *

Mr. Bloxom: "Your recitation reminds me of Quebec."

Karch: "How so?"

Mr. Bloxom: "Built on a bluff."

* * *

Mr. Marr (after his patience had been tried to the extreme): "Now what are parallel lines?"

Cushing: "Lines that never meet unless you bend them."

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CHICAGO

Andersen: "Have you ever read 'Looking Backward?'"

Dissette: "I did it once during a test, and nearly got kicked out for it."

* * *

Mr. Wilson (showing class the picture of Washington crossing the Delaware): "Can anyone name this picture?"

Nelson: "Sure. 'Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat?'"

* * *

"What is de usefulest kind o' food dar is?", queried Julius of his mate, Matilda.

"Ah specs chickens is, case you all can eat 'em 'foh dey's borned and after dey's daid.

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Otto: "Have you heard the new B.V.D. Orchestra?"

Smith: "No, but why B.V.D.?"

Otto: "Oh, it's only one piece."

* * *

Jake (to Erwin Klein, who is carrying a wrapped package ten feet long and a foot wide): "What have you there, Erwin?"

Erwin: "This is a life size picture of Boettcher."

* * *

Mr. Webber: "What do you know about the age of Elizabeth?"

"Les.": "I think she'll be eighteen next September."

* * *

Bell: "Mr. Marr, I don't know what's the matter with me, I can't eat, or sleep, or study geometry."

Mr. Marr: "Why don't you marry the girl?"

* * *

Mr. Hadley: "What is your average here as a student?"

Brodi: "I'm not an average student."

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